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Political Fevers

THE NEW STATE OF CALIFORNIA

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LETTERS

Edgar Snow

The Nation has been asked to announce that a memorial meeting for Edgar Snow will be held at 5 P.M. on Monday, March 27, at the Church Center for the United Nations, 777 U.N. Plaza (44th Street and First Avenue), New York.

change at Stanford

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In "The Discontents of Stanford" [*The Nation*, Mar. 13] Sherman Chickering quotes me as saying: "There is a curious sense of isolation among Stanford faculty members. If there's a bomb threat on campus, the feeling tends to be 'Oh well, it's the other guy that got threatened, not me.'"

In our interview, I indicated that that general attitude seemed prevalent here in 1969, but had changed markedly in my opinion around the fall of 1970, following the University of Wisconsin bombing. That it no longer prevails may be deduced from the fact that this spring about a quarter of the faculty signed a public statement condemning the attempted fire-bombing of a faculty member's home and offering more than $5,000 in reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of the individual(s) responsible.

Robert W. Beyers, Director, News Service

what they believe

Binghamton, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Eliott Cohen in his letter [*The Nation*, Mar. 13] claims that neither Sidney Hook nor Irving Kristol are right-wing luminaries, the reason being that they believe in "parliamentary procedure" and "dissent but not disruption." Mr. Cohen somehow forgets that both of these highly placed academics staunchly believe in the war in Indochina —by far the most obvious and identifiable right-wing badge in this country. Barry Goldwater, Sam Ervin and even the Buckleys believe in "parliamentary procedure" and "dissent but not disruption." . . . I have no doubt that Sidney Hook holds "a genuine belief that the college campus is not the place where all political problems should gravitate"—for one of those "political problems" which shouldn't "gravitate" to the campus is, of course, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.

Gene Bell

no time for idealism

Santa Monica, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The question Democrats must ask themselves in the 1972 election is do they want to offer Nixon a good challenge . . . or do they want a shoo-in re-election. This year one must be pragmatic if he seriously wants to challenge the incumbent Administration. . . . Who besides Muskie has a chance of winning? Muskie is a capable man, perhaps not my ideal for the Presidency, but then how many Presidents has the United States had who were genuinely suited to the office? . . .

The time may come in the United States when a field of candidates can run for the Presidency, each candidate representing a particular political persuasion of the people. . . . A young generation of men and women is growing up in party wings whose goals and concerns can only be squelched by the two-party system. In particular I am thinking of McCloskey. There are many other good people like him, Democrats and Republicans, who need to break the old party molds and speak directly to the electorate.

Such considerations are for the future. This year is an election year. We cannot afford to let our ideals get in the way again. Last time they netted us Nixon. . . . Whatever our long-range ideals, Muskie needs our short-term support for 1972.

Dorothy Corner

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

The Winner in Florida

The hands-down winner in the Florida primary was Gov. Reubin Askew, who was not a candidate. Not only did he show rare political courage by opposing the straw ballot "anti-bussing" measure; he also demonstrated exceptional political skill in handling this explosive issue. The anti-bussing measure was a Republican ploy from the start, initiated by a Republican state Senator to bedevil the Democrats. President Nixon did not have to support the measure to benefit from the agitation it occasioned. Governor Wallace was delighted—with an assist from Senators Humphrey and Jackson—to make it the main issue.

To offset the danger to the Democratic Party and the state's public school system, Governor Askew sponsored another straw ballot, calling for a yes vote from those who favored equal opportunity for quality education for all children, regardless of race, and who opposed a "return to a dual system of public schools." He supported this measure as vigorously as he opposed "anti-bussing," and it won by a slightly wider margin.

In the circumstances, the Wallace vote was not much larger than might have been anticipated; the election was a setup for him. More significant are the checks his ambition is encountering elsewhere in the South. Terry Sanford, president of the University of North Carolina and former governor of the state, has entered the May 6th preferential primary. His candidacy will make it difficult for Muskie or Wallace to prevail there, the more so since Senator Jackson has jumped into the race. Sanford is a fine candidate with strong statewide support. Also significant is the setback Senator Muskie received in Georgia and the strong showing made there by Rep. Shirley Chisholm and Senator McGovern (see Howard Romaine's report in the following editorial). With canny foresight, Wallace stayed out of Georgia. In Mississippi, Governor Waller's Regulars are negotiating with the Loyalists who, if no settlement is reached, will have to be dislodged by a challenge at the convention. And there are other signs that Wallace faces today a Southern electorate that is different from the one that responded to him in 1968.

In a sense, a new situation has emerged in the wake of the Florida primary. Senator Muskie's front-runner position has been undercut for the second time, and he faces further obvious hazards in Illinois this week and in Wisconsin on April 4. The results in Florida at least jarred him into making the best statement he has made to date—his sharp attack on Wallace. If he campaigns in that spirit he should do better. But if he "falters," Humphrey is likely to move up as the first choice of many uncommitted delegates.

Even the possibility that Humphrey or Jackson might be nominated should frighten the Democrats, for the nomination of either would almost certainly force a split in the party. Muskie might stand some chance to unite the party, but not Humphrey and not Jackson. A major reason is that the center of gravity in the party has now

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moved appreciably to the left and it can now be united only from the left. That is precisely why Wallace is Nixon's agent within the Democratic Party. Any attempt to head him off by moving in his direction—as Humphrey and Jackson did in Florida—is suicidal. He should be given the bum's rush at Miami. As a third-party candidate he will hurt Nixon more than he will the Democrats. The Democrats, moreover, should heed the message from the convention of blacks at Gary. "This convention," Mayor Richard Hatcher said in his keynote, "signals the end of hip-pocket politics. We ain't in nobody's hip pocket no more."

The Democrats' problem is obvious. A polarization of political attitudes is taking place, but it has not yet been reflected in a clear realignment of forces within the party, even though the shift to the left is evident. In times past, "balancing the ticket" was the standard technique for preserving a semblance of unity when the party was sharply divided. But the differences today are ideological and cultural; they are razor sharp, and the old "brokering" of interests will no longer work.

The problem of unity will not be eased by the bruising primaries ahead. Intemperate charges and countercharges are making it more difficult to achieve the largest possible measure of accord. The sound and fury in Florida must have delighted President Nixon, who continues to enjoy —except for ITT—an immunity from sharp challenge and serious criticism on the major issues. George Wallace, the President's surrogate, may be a tempting target, but the real target is Nixon. In the remaining primaries the contenders should compete on the basis of who can mount the most effective attack against the President; then the fratricidal gouging might cease.

Some time back, Fred Dutton expressed his fear that this election was fated to be a dated, weakening election —"a historical curio, pointing more to the past than to the future." The danger exists, but it can be avoided. By example and precept, Governor Askew showed the Democrats how to go about achieving unity at a time when the party is in transition. "People," he points out, "want a government which respects and enhances their capacity to rise above themselves, not one which is content to see them trapped in ignorance and fear."

The President's anti-bussing proposals—in the wake of Florida—are a total capitulation to Wallace. The intention of course is not to settle the issue but to divide the opposition. Mr. Nixon's statement is so shameful that it demands a line-to-line analysis, which it will receive in next week's *Nation*.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Georgia's New Look

Atlanta

Before Senator Muskie had time to catch his breath after his less than vigorous showing in the New Hampshire primary, he was walloped again from the left in, of all places, Georgia—one of the five states George Wallace carried in 1968. At the March 11th Democratic Party Congressional District Conventions, where delegates were chosen for the National Convention, McGovern won more than a symbolic victory. The South Dakota Senator took all four delegate seats as well as the three alternates

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Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
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Executive Editor
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in Atlanta's dominantly white suburban Fourth Congressional District. The Fourth was one of two Atlanta districts on which Muskie's campaign staff had concentrated. In the heavily black Fifth District of Atlanta—the other announced focus of Muskie's attention—youthful candidates pledged to Rep. Shirley Chisholm completed the drubbing of Muskie's sagging candidacy.

Muskie set himself up for his ignominious defeat by going through the ritual of opening an official campaign headquarters, hiring local staff, wheeling and dealing with local politicians, running a full TV campaign, and posting "official" Muskie slates. The candidate's staff, time, money and energy went down the drain. *He did not win a single publicly committed delegate in the whole state.*

Coalitions of blacks, liberals, students and some labor representatives won three other districts and isolated slots in the remaining five. A much feared last minute drive by the Wallace-Maddox forces failed to materialize. As it turned out, Gov. Jimmy Carter's strategy of holding a very early delegate selection process was quite successful in preventing a strong Wallace showing and denying Wallace a key state in his backlash coalition. As planned and hoped, the Wallace forces apparently lacked the time, interest or leadership to mobilize.

But Governor Carter's second goal—to lead a moderate-to-conservative delegation at Miami—was not achieved. There is an excellent chance that a statewide liberal coalition may emerge strong enough to dominate the forthcoming state convention. If the McGovern, Chisholm, uncommitted liberal and black delegates can get together, they may be able to name others of similar political perspective to the thirteen remaining delegate positions. Such a delegation would be one of the most liberal, not only in the South but in the nation.

The outpouring of support for Chisholm and McGovern in a state like Georgia, and the lack of interest in Wallace, Muskie and even Jackson, Governor Carter's favorite, should be another indication to the Democratic power brokers that the vital energy of the party is not to be found in the muddy and dispassionate middle wooed by Edmund Muskie, or in the highly opportunistic positions of Humphrey and Jackson, but in Left-Center candidates like McGovern and Chisholm.

HOWARD ROMAINE

Big Business Blackmail

When a big corporation—a really big one—gets itself into trouble, it can always threaten the government with grievous economic consequences if it is not treated indulgently. Bail us out, the giant can say, or there will be panic in the street. The threat is not usually made that bluntly, but any administration can read the implications.

The instant case is ITT, but it is only the latest in a long series. The bankrupt Penn Central was shored up, lest its collapse endanger the economy. Lockheed was bailed out of its fecklessness because of the fear that the national defense and the economy would crumble if a $200 million guarantee on a loan were not forthcoming. Now Litton Industries is holding out the hat for $123 million on a shipbuilding deal for the Navy. Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.) says: "Litton simply doesn't have the personnel or managerial skills to do a decent job. . . . Congress should not cough up another dime to pay for Litton's inefficiency."

The ITT case is most instructive. The key question is why Richard McLaren, then chief of the antitrust division, now a federal judge, changed his mind about the ITT mergers that were in litigation. In the settlement he did strip it of some of its secondary accretions, but this greatest of conglomerates was allowed to keep what *Newsweek* (March 20) calls "the new jewel of its empire," the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, with assets of $2 billion and a cash flow of about $1 billion annually. His explanation is that the economy would have been hurt if the merger with Hartford had not been approved.

"That's just a completely phony argument," says Willard Mueller, who helped prepare the case against ITT when he was chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission. True enough the price of ITT and Hartford stock might have dropped. But to Mueller the foreboding "sounds like you're going to precipitate a 1929 crash, but criminy, these things go up and down all the time." McLaren's own staff economists could have told him the same thing, but he took care not to consult them. ITT is more specific than McLaren. About a third of its operations are in foreign countries and disruption of the merger with Hartford might have made it more difficult to raise loans abroad or might have required the payment of somewhat higher interest rates and that *might* have had some slight effect on the U.S. balance of payments. But McLaren was not czar of the U.S. economy; his oath called on him to enforce the law. He started to do just that and then thought better of it. He isn't candid about the reasons, presumably because they are classified in the interest of re-electing Richard Nixon.

The Cash Crop Is Cash

For some years, *The Nation* has been applauding the dogged efforts of Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) to reduce the size of subsidy payments to farmers. In August 1970, it appeared that Mr. Findley and the taxpayers were having some success at last. On August 5, the House approved the Agricultural Act of 1970, which limited to $55,000 direct government payments per commodity per person or firm (Findley had urged a $20,000 limitation). But the drafting of the measure was automatically entrusted to "old hands," mostly Southerners who take their cues from Rep. Jamie Whitten (D., Miss.). These experienced contortionists jimmied—one might say "jamied"—the wording so that large growers could split their holdings, or lease portions, or otherwise get around the limitation.

When the 1970 act was under consideration, Department of Agriculture experts assured Findley that the new limitation would save $58.2 million—not much but something. The actual savings will be $2.1 million.

There have been—and it comes as no surprise—"wholesale evasions." More farmers are getting bigger payments every year, i.e., in excess of $20,000. Here are the figures:

Year	*Number of Farmers*	*Total Amount*	
1968	5,914	$273,333,643	
1969	7,795	366,779,995	
1970	10,371	414,500,000	(approx.)
1971	13,751	486,339,509	

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The J. G. Boswell Co. of Corcoran, Calif. led the 1970 list with $4.4 million in federal largesse. It does not appear in the 1971 list. A Department of Agriculture spokesman said he understood Boswell had sold or leased all or most of its cotton allotments; i.e., somebody else got the subsidy money, and Boswell recouped all or part through the leases. However, there is still more to the story. The 1970 Act put the lid of $55,000 only on cotton, wheat and feed grains. It does not cover sugar. The biggest subsidy recipients last year were the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Co., $1,277,725; and the U.S. Sugar Corp., $1,267,401.

A year from now, Congress will be in a position to take another crack at farm subsidies. However, it will take some doing to outflank the seniority-powerful Southerners and their friends, allies and flunkeys in the Department of Agriculture.

Too Many Calcuttas

On February 23, the House, by a nearly unanimous voice vote, passed the Rural Development Act; it is now with the Senate. The act is no panacea for all the evils that afflict rural and small-town America, but it does take a small new step. Much of the migration from rural areas to cities has been voluntary and therefore unavoidable, but many rural migrants have been driven off the land and have moved to cities in desperation. In the past we have assumed that the movement was desirable, if only because it reduced the "surplus" population of rural areas, shifting it to centers where jobs or training prospects or both were brighter. But as Rep. James A. McClure (R., Idaho) said during the House debate, "America's love affair with the city has ended and the people are suing for divorce." That no doubt is an overstatement, but what has been happening in American cities since 1960 has finally convinced a majority in the House that it might be a good idea to improve the quality of life on farms and in small rural communities as a way to relieve urban pressure. Once regarded as regressive, such a shift in social policy is beginning to win careful consideration.

The problem is by no means peculiar to the United States. In underdeveloped regions the rural-to-urban migration is assuming catastrophic proportions. In an interview in *The Observer* of London, two of the world's top experts on food and population, Dr. Norman Borlaug and Dr. Georg Borgstrom, explain why. In Kenya, for example, the population is growing at 3 per cent a year and the city population at 6 per cent a year—what Dr. Borgstrom calls "abominable" rates. But the cities of Kenya would have to grow more than *35 per cent* a year if urbanization were to reduce the pressure on the countryside as it did in Western Europe.

The urbanization of Europe, these experts remind us, was made possible by large-scale migration to the United States and colonial countries. Today the rural-to-urban migration is proceeding in many underdeveloped countries on an unprecedented scale. Dr. Borgstrom estimates that in the 1970s alone 400 million people will move into the cities of the hungry world, while, at the same time, another 400 million are being added to the countryside. Along with a real commitment to population control, more emphasis should be placed on encouraging people to remain in rural areas. The Chinese have pursued that policy with such good results, at least for the short run, that they have actually moved 10 to 12 million people back to the countryside. A strong case can be made for a labor intensive agriculture and for a variety of measures designed to improve the quality of rural life and to create new jobs in rural and small-town areas. In America, such a shift of emphasis would necessarily involve encouraging the family-sized farm. The House's action reflected a new interest and concern with an important aspect of social policy.

FHA Aids the Hustler Again

Government auditors have shown again, if any further proof were needed, that the Federal Housing Administration is no match for light-fingered real estate developers. In a move highly unusual by bureaucratic standards of self-protection, Housing Secretary George Romney has turned loose a devastating audit of the ill-starred program to build apartments for the poor by giving subsidies to private developers. The developers have built the apartments in record numbers all right, but the quality of construction has often been abysmal and construction costs in excess of those for nonsubsidized units.

In Seattle, for example, builder padding is so severe that the rent for a government-aided, one-bedroom apartment—before the subsidy is figured in—is $64 above a conventional unit. The figure for Washington, D.C., is $30, Pittsburgh $42, Des Moines $20, Indianapolis and San Antonio $29, Topeka, Kan., $16, and San Diego $11. The subsidies, of course, pull the rents below market rate. But the subsidies are made unnecessarily high by profiteering in construction. The federal auditors offered a veritable grab bag of tricks used to bilk the program:

¶Purchase of cheap land, often in rough terrain far from shopping and public transportation, which the government assesses far above purchase price. In their examination of sixty-two projects, the auditors found "eight cases where, within a year of acquisition, land was valued at amounts that resulted in profits ranging from 65 to 195 per cent."

¶Consultants, packagers as they are known in the trade, are supposed to expedite construction and cut red tape but do neither. They charge fees of up to $27,000.

¶Architects charge twice their usual rate for designing subsidy apartments. The auditors said the average architect fee for each subsidized unit was $434, compared to the usual $209 in four sample cities.

¶Sponsors subcontract work to their own subsidiaries. On one project the carpentry subcontractors billed 36.6 per cent above their usual charges.

¶Willful overestimation of time needed for construction to collect extra profits for finishing ahead of the bogus deadline. FHA officials in Kansas, for example, knew a particular builder usually did an apartment job in twelve months, but they allowed fifteen months on a subsidy project. To no one's surprise, he finished in eight and picked up a $25,153 "incentive payment" for his speed.

The auditors note wryly that the developers' skimming would have been impossible without the help of federal housing officials who have "a lack of training and unfamiliarity with manual requirements." They forgot to mention the FHA's continued reluctance to get tough with real estate sharpsters.

G. C. THELEN, JR.

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IRELAND: 'THE KILLING SICKNESS'

Sanity Convenes at Wexford

JUDY STONE
Miss Stone is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

> "I am opposed to partition; but partition could be defeated at too dear a price. I advocate no mere servile lazy acquiescence in injustice. I am, and always will be a fighter. But I want to see the age-old fight against injustice clothe itself in new forms suited to a new age. I want to see the manhood of Ireland no longer hypnotized by the glamour of 'the glory of arms,' no longer blind to the horrors of organized murder."
>
> —*Francis Sheehy-Skeffington in an open letter to Thomas MacDonough, the* Irish Citizen, *May 1915. Both the pacifist and the Irish Volunteer Army man were killed by the British during the Easter Rebellion, 1916.*

Dublin

The challenge to find "new forms" still waited in the wings when the Irish Labour Party met on February 25 in the southeast county of Wexford, which had survived the blood bath of Cromwell in 1649 and savage defeat in the rebellion of 1798. Now it was one month after Derry, three days after Aldershot, a few hours after the assassination attempt on Stormont's Minister of State for Home Affairs. The shooting of John Taylor, Unionist reactionary though he may be, provoked new revulsion among most of the 900 delegates.

The most vital decision they faced was on the subject of violence: whether to support Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, who is the party spokesman on affairs in the North, and who had unequivocally condemned the actions of the IRA; or to repudiate him and give open or tacit support to terrorism.

When the convention ended three days later, it had overwhelmingly supported O'Brien and rejected any violent solution to the Northern problem. The delegates also issued an urgent call for an entirely new national constitution which would eliminate the favored position of the Roman Catholic Church, permit divorce and contraception, and end the "curse of sectarianism" in the Republic of Ireland. They wanted change now, not promises held in limbo as bargaining points for a united Ireland—that being the present approach of Prime Minister Jack Lynch and his ruling Fianna Fail Party.

More predictably, Labour demanded the withdrawal of British troops from Northern Catholic areas, an end to internment and establishment of a commission to work out a new regime for the North; it opposed entry to the EEC.

United as never before, the Labour Party, smallest of the three parliamentary parties, demonstrated a determination, applauded by editorials in the Irish press, to give sane and realistic leadership to the country for the first time in its sixty-year history. Sane and realistic are important words in Ireland—and they were repeatedly stressed by Gerry Fitt and Paddy Devlin, fraternal observers from the North. But meanwhile fresh insanities appear in each day's headlines and a romantic haze envelops the martyred men of Easter Week, cloaking Republicanism in a fog that is made totally impenetrable by semantics from both Right and Left.

Fervid letters on the subject filled columns in *The Irish Times* last year. Dr. Noel Browne, iconoclastic Labour deputy, wrote last September that "The man who finally documents the political fraud, cynical brutality and pragmatic opportunism of our Republican leadership in Ireland—all breeds since 1916—as Khrushchev did for Stalin in the Soviet Union, will not only serve the nation well; he may protect those young idealist Irishmen, their lives and their liberty, who join the Republican movement in the belief that it represents an ideal. It doesn't and it hasn't. It is simply a killing sickness that has affected the Irish for fifty years now, and its only achievement has been to further divide and not unite Ireland."

There can be no thirty-two-county Republic, and no socialism, until sectarianism is removed from the South, declared Brendan Corish, leader of Labour's Parliamentary Party, in a keynote speech that was refreshingly direct, free of pieties and explicit about the shortcomings of the Republic. A tall, attractive, white-haired man, he projects both modesty and honesty. His colleagues say he has genuine warmth for individuals in both the party's right and left wing, the Neanderthals as well as the sophisticated. No easy job. As he stood in front of Labour's blue-and-white Starry Plough emblem, flanked by large drawings of party founders, James Connolly and James Larkin, he won vigorous applause, along with vociferous cries of "Hear! Hear!" and foot stomping, as he called for an end to sectarianism and violence.

The change in one year has been great. Only last April, the Parliamentary Labour Party sharply reprimanded Dr. Browne for a speech in which he denounced the Catholic hierarchy for meddling in the South's political parties in a fashion as sectarian, bigoted and politically conservative as the Orange Order's control of the North's Unionist Party.

It was not Dr. Browne's first scrap with the hierarchy. The former minister of health had reduced the tuberculosis death rate from 125 per 1,000 in 1948 to fifteen per 1,000 in 1965, but he ran into Catholic opposition for his mother-and-child health plan. The Church objected to the elimination of a means test and said that the proposal interfered with the sacred "right" of parents to provide for the health of their children and with "moral" and "social" questions on which the Church has definite teachings. After a prolonged, bitter fight, Dr. Browne resigned in 1951 as minister of health and from the Clann na Poblachta Party. He then published in full his correspondence with the Catholic Church. It fully documented the Church's influence in politics and caused a national scandal.

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Most recently, Dr. Browne has tried unsuccessfully to get a bill passed legalizing importation of contraceptive devices. Last April, he accused the Church of overt, secret and confessional interference in opposition to the bill, and attacked the Church's control over education. For good measure, Dr. Browne, a psychiatrist, added:

> Consciously or otherwise, many of [the clergy] have chosen their celibate lives because they find the whole subject of sex and heterosexual relations threatening and embarrassing. Their judgment, then, cannot be trusted on these issues. It is now long overdue that we acknowledge the understandable ignorance of men living celibate lives: that they are not competent to advise the rest of us in the complex matters of our marriage relationships except in the narrowest of limits.

The Labour Party immediately condemned his speech as "insulting and belittling" and, shaking itself loose from any guilt by association, said that Dr. Browne spoke only for himself. This year, Dr. Browne failed to show up for the convention and resigned as party spokesman for health.

Although last year's conference had gone on record in support of the contraception bill, three deputies—including Stevie Coughlan, former Mayor of Limerick, whose conservative views are a constant embarrassment—voted against a first reading of the new bill. A motion before the convention to expel the three never reached the floor, but Corish said he would not hesitate to expel members in the future if they failed to follow party discipline.

Apart from sectarianism, Corish suggested other reasons why even a Northern Catholic might pause before committing himself to a united Ireland. He noted that the level of social services for the entire northern community, Catholics and Protestants alike, is twice as high as it is in the Republic.

"For example," he said, "in 1968-69, 138 pounds was spent per head in the North for social service, while only 65 pounds were spent per head on the same services in the Republic. Is Lynch going to ask the Unionists to cut their social services in half as the price for changes in our constitution and laws? Does the government have some secret plan to double social expenditures in the Republic while finding 120 million pounds for the North in replacement of the annual grants paid to Stormont by Westminster? Is there another secret plan to end unemployment and find 120,000 new jobs for the 80,000 unemployed in the Republic and 40,000 in the North?"

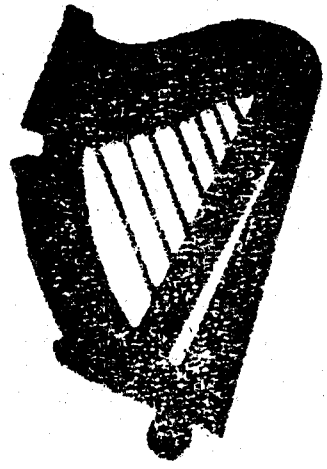
Again citing the years 1968-69, he compared expenditures in the Republic with those in the North:

	Republic	*The North*
	(pounds per head)	
Social welfare	29	71
Education	17	32
Health	15	30
Housing	4	4.40

This year, estimates for social services in the Republic are just under 210 million pounds, while those of the North, with a population only half that of the Republic, come to more than 230 million pounds. Of that, 80 million pounds were allocated by Westminster.

"If the citizens of the twenty-six counties were to be given the same level of social services within a United Ireland as those in the North," Corish said, "then another 200 million would have to be spent out of the Dublin budget. In addition, another 80 million would be needed for the North, making a total of nearly an extra 300 million pounds in a budget which finds it impossible to look after the old, sick and young properly."

The party leader revealed that no economic preparations had been made for unity, no studies carried out for its consequences to industry, agriculture, social services or budgetary planning. "And still Mr. Lynch has the gall to ask Mr. Heath to make an initiative, when he is not prepared to make any himself."



Although the response to Corish's speech indicated how the majority of delegates felt about violence, fireworks were still expected on resolutions supporting or repudiating O'Brien as party spokesman of the North. Author of a distinguished work, *Parnell and His Party,* literary critic, playwright and a caustic essayist, Dr. O'Brien is the one internationally known figure in the Labour Party. Throughout his career, he has displayed integrity and courage, not unlike that of his uncle, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington.

O'Brien went to the United Nations with the Irish delegation which in the early 1950s pressed for discussion on the seating of Communist China; he became Dag Hammarskjöld's representative in Katanga, resigning after the resultant controversy over the use of force to end secession; he stood up to Kwame Nkrumah in defense of academic freedom when he was vice chancellor of the University of Ghana; he was beaten by a New York policeman at a demonstration against the war in Vietnam while he was Schweitzer professor of humanities at New York University.

He quit that lifetime appointment to run for the Irish Parliament in 1969, and for the last year has been embroiled in the controversy over the North. This hit a peak of sorts when he engaged in a public debate last October with Tomas McGiolla, president of Sinn Fein. At the outset, Dr. O'Brien attacked Sinn Fein as "the open, civilian, legal expression of a secret and illegal army." Although Sinn Fein and the Official IRA say they are Socialist, Dr. O'Brien declared, the movement must inevitably head toward fascism in a "country like ours with its great weight

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of social conservatism and profound distrust of communism. . . . Fascism is the natural destination of an anti-democratic, militarist, authoritarian, ultra-nationalist movement, whose ultimate appeal is a mystique inaccessible to reason."

A recent Sinn Fein conference is reported to have agreed that O'Brien would be tried at a future date by Sinn Fein courts, while some delegates shouted, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" But even Sinn Feiners respect his courage, an Irish political correspondent told me.

Ironically, a slip in O'Brien's formidable memory may have helped to cement the unity finally expressed at the Labour Party conference. Rising to defend himself with his customary wit against charges of "conservative, right-wing expressions" from Sean Treacy, a fellow member of the Dail and a real right-winger, Dr. O'Brien mistakenly identified Treacy as one of the three deputies who had voted against the contraception bill. Treacy, who had accused O'Brien of "spineless, supine, unprincipled shoneenism," protested the "libel," as the mortified Dr. O'Brien stood to one side. "For a full five minutes," *The Irish Times* reported, "Treacy milked the incident for every drop it was worth." Dr. O'Brien apologized three times. "His speech was reasonable and generous," the *Times* said, "and the fact that Dr. O'Brien made a public mistake may have proved a blessing. The audience saw him as a fallible person like themselves."

Since Sinn Fein has substantially distorted O'Brien's position, he chose to clarify his stand: "I am *not* peddling any so-called two nations theory. I am *not* urging you to recognize Stormont, *de jure* or otherwise, I am *not* condoning nor have I been silent about brutality or murder committed by the British Army or anyone else. I am *not* asking for your approval of the total body of my writing on the past history of our country."

He said he had condemned Mr. De Valera's 1937 Constitution as purporting to advance the unity of the country, while creating barriers against eventual unity by consent. "The conjunction of Articles 2 and 3 asserting the right of the Dublin parliament and government to jurisdiction over the Six Counties, with Article 44 recognizing the special position of the Catholic Church seems to me to constitute insulting and arrogant treatment of the Northern Protestants and also of Northern Catholics who were not consulted."

Attacking the militarists "who are taking us along the road to national suicide" in the guise of patriotism, Dr. O'Brien said:

> It is right that action should be taken to insure that the territory of this state should not be used as a base for terrorist attacks either in Northern Ireland or in Britain. Such action should be taken fearlessly and even-handedly. I am not satisfied that what the government is now doing is evenhanded. They are arresting people whose connections with violence are fairly remote—people on the open political official Sinn Fein movement—while leaving untouched notorious military leaders of the Provisional IRA. This is playing party politics with the lives of our people and the security of the state.
>
> I believe the left-wing people who became involved with the official IRA are tragically mistaken, sincerely and from high motives. Some of them have acknowledged their error. . . . Some others surely must have realized it as they heard the Official IRA claim what it regards as credit for Aldershot and the attempted murder of John Taylor. I would rather see these people given time to think that over than see them jailed, while reputed killers on the right wing of the IRA remain at large.
>
> The fantastic thing is that those who support these campaigns of violence actually accuse us who oppose them of callousness, of cold indifference, to the suffering of the Catholics of the North. . . . The Catholics of the North are suffering as no section of the Irish people have suffered for fifty years. They want to see the last of the British Army. They also want to see the end of the activities of their so-called defenders, the green militarists who have no objection to what they call the inevitable urban casualties of an urban guerrilla war. □

The Breslins of the Bogside

JIMMY BRESLIN
Mr. Breslin, novelist and former syndicated columnist, lives in New York City.

Since 1969, in my work, I have been to Northern Ireland five times, the longest period being nearly six months. My first visit was in August of 1969. While I was in Belfast, workers in a factory in a section known as Springfield Road were turned out of work early, and, armed and given the use of an armored car, they rushed into a section of row houses and attacked the people with guns and firebombs. The attackers were members of a large auxiliary police force whose members and method of operation played the role in Northern Ireland that the Ku Klux Klan did in this country. The attackers had been told to destroy the Irish Republican Army, which was supposed to control the section. They found children running from them, and women and old men pleading. They began by killing a 9-year-old boy. Soon they had killed seven more and set fire to an entire street of houses.

They did not find the IRA. At that time the IRA was a thing that existed only on records in music boxes. On the days after the attack the people living in the section were fearful and constantly asked for help, from anywhere, because they were defenseless. The men cried in their helplessness. Women and children, the fright in their faces, peered out of doorways.

Each time I have returned to Northern Ireland I have been struck by the change in people. I read story after story about the reforms being put into Northern Ireland by its government, at the urging of the British Government in London. The Northern Ireland Government asks for patience; the British Government extols the

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reforms. But where the people live, on those little wet streets of row houses, there has been nothing. The only change has been in the people. At first, when they decided that they had to fight for themselves, they came out to set busses and trucks afire and to use them as barricades. They threw stones. They began throwing firebombs. The children started to come out of the houses to help. Then the women began to appear.

Now it is 1972 and now the brutalization of a population has been complete. Now in Northern Ireland I see only sullen faces. And a man with a wife and six children sits and talks to you, very calmly, about the wonder in his mind as he came to realize that now he too was ready to go out and kill.

Yeats wrote, "Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart." Because of this it is my feeling that the violence in Northern Ireland is really only beginning. A statement from the British Embassy will not make it go away. Nor will British troops make it go away. The IRA has come out of the juke boxes and into the streets of Belfast and Derry and it will stay.

It was inevitable. Throughout the history of Northern Ireland, the industrialists and politicians have sent sectarianism running through the streets to keep the Protestant and Catholic working people at each other's throats rather than at the factory owner's profits. Or threatening the politician's power. Once you let sectarianism on the streets, there is no way it can be simply recalled. It spreads its own fire and it gathers strength from the fires it sets. And you have in Belfast and in Derry people who write religious slogans on walls and who wouldn't go to a church if the place were the last refuge from lightning.

In my opinion, the words "Protestant" and "Catholic" in Northern Ireland have virtually no religious meaning at all. They stand for the "ins" and "outs" of a political system.

One night in the area of Derry known as the Bogside I met, in the course of a riot, a person who introduced himself to me as "one of the Breslins of the Bogside." To look at him was to see myself in a mirror, minus several pounds. When I spoke with him and we compared family backgrounds, we came to realize that we were distantly related. In talking with him I found that, at 37, he never had worked one day in his life. After talking with his family, I found that his father had worked for only two years in his life. Those two years were spent as a laborer at an American military base in Northern Ireland from 1942 to 1944.

The father had one other son, who also was not working, and had never worked. In two generations of this family there had been only one job, and it took a World War to get them the one.

Trog—London Daily Mail

I found these people getting up each morning and walking to a street corner and standing on it all day. Standing and talking and grabbing a cigarette from somebody. And now and then grabbing a few pennies and running to a bookmaking shop to place a bet on the longest shot of the day.

I told my relative that if there was one thing I would do before leaving, it would be to get him a job. I asked political people in the area for help in this undertaking. One of them was able to find a job for him at a taxicab company. When I told him there was a job for him, he seemed hesitant. We made a date to meet the next morning and go for the job. My relative was not there the next day. When I found him he said he had a cold. I made another date with him. Again, he did not show up.

After several mornings I realized that this person has a disability that was every bit as real as a broken leg. He could not face the task of even walking to a job. Throughout Northern Ireland, street corners of the sections where the "outs" live are always filled with men who stand and stare and grab cigarettes. As men have stood and stared for fifty years because they are the "outs" and there are no jobs for the "outs." And in Northern Ireland today, the men are behind barricades at these street corners. For as it had to be, now they fight.

In America, in my own city of New York, I find for the first time in decades a movement among people of Irish descent to do something which will help the people fighting in the North. The idea of raising money to buy guns, so that an 18-year-old in Derry can kill an 18-year-old British soldier from Manchester, who knows nothing of the reasons for the fight he is in—this notion to me is sickening. But I see it as a very real and very ugly possibility. □

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MEDIA MANIPULATION

THE CHINA PRESS SCENARIO

DON OBERDORFER
Mr. Oberdorfer is a columnist for The Washington Post. *The following article is based on a report prepared by him for the Washington News Committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association on the status of Presidential relations with the press.*

Washington

When President Nixon appeared on television July 15 with the stunning announcement that he would visit mainland China, one of the first questions which flashed through the minds of White House reporters was: what journalists will go with him? It took nearly seven months and a multitude of meetings to find the answer: a "news-gathering" press corps of eighty-seven, plus an advance "technical party" of sixty-eight press personnel—155 American press representatives in all.

The situation was unprecedented and difficult. The United States has had no diplomatic relations with China for more than twenty years, during most of which time the two nations were bitterly hostile and sometimes at war. No American news organizations had correspondents resident in China, and only a handful of American journalists had made even short visits. No state visitor to China, not even those from fraternal Communist countries, had brought along more than about a dozen journalists. China's closed Communist regime is highly restrictive in its policies toward the foreign and even the domestic press. On the other hand, U.S. and Chinese leaders, for separate reasons, placed high value on the worldwide impact of the Nixon trip. Maximum effect implied maximum publicity.

Immediately after the President's announcement, the first of more than 2,000 requests for seats on the press plane arrived at the White House. And four days after the speech, the Washington bureau chiefs of the three major television networks visited Presidential press secretary Ron Ziegler to discuss plans for broadcast coverage.

The bureau chiefs—John Lynch of ABC, William Small of CBS and Frank Jordan of NBC—had three alternative plans for broadcast coverage: film coverage only, with the film being flown to Tokyo, Seoul or Hong Kong for satellite transmission to the United States; film coverage only, with transmission direct from China via a satellite ground station to be installed there for the occasion; and live coverage with electronic cameras, plus film, to be transmitted from China via satellite. In an interview, Ziegler said "the networks initiated the discussion of live coverage. . . . Some of the most heated exchanges involved their insistence that there at least be some exploration of live coverage with the Chinese." A network official, privy to the talks, agreed that "Sure, we are pushing for live coverage." But he added, "It's like your wife asking you for all the allowance she can get."

Ziegler was not optimistic. Presidential aide Henry Kissinger, he said, had discussed press coverage briefly during his July mission to Peking, and his report gave the impression that only a very small group of American journalists would be permitted to enter China with Mr. Nixon. Ziegler said that early discussion with the Chinese was in terms of there being considerably fewer than thirty journalists in the U.S. party.

On July 20, the day after the bureau chiefs spoke with Ziegler, news executives of the three television networks met in New York. Despite considerable reluctance on the part of NBC, the networks agreed to the trip on a "pool" basis. Trying to shake loose from the guiding hand of the White House, the networks sent a cable to Peking, asking direct discussions on the subject of press arrangements. They received no reply.

Throughout the late summer and early fall, word circulated in the White House press corps that the China trip was likely to be highly restrictive. On September 22, Jack Sutherland (*U.S. News & World Report*), president of the White House Correspondents Association (WHCA), brought five former presidents of this predominately print-oriented group with him to a conference with the press secretary. Ziegler was not encouraging, saying that the largest press delegation admitted to China in recent years had contained only eleven members. The newsmen replied that limited pool coverage of such an important Presidential trip was ridiculous and unacceptable. According to those present at the meeting, the WHCA urged Ziegler to make it clear to the Chinese that when a U.S. President travels, the U.S. press travels with him. But, the group added, if it proved necessary to limit the numbers, Ziegler should take one man from each organization that regularly covers the President at home and on foreign trips, plus extra manpower for the wire services. If additional places were available, they should be assigned, the newsmen said, to those who regularly cover the White House.

Ziegler replied that he might have to look at the "track record" of coverage to determine who were the real White House "regulars." He also said that Kissinger could not be expected to hold background sessions with newsmen on Chinese soil—a statement which the WHCA group rejected. The Chinese should not dictate the size of the traveling press corps or the conduct of American officials, the representatives declared.

In October, when Kissinger made a second preparatory trip to China, he discussed press coverage in greater detail with Chinese officials. To the surprise of nearly everyone, and the joy of the networks, Peking agreed in principle to live coverage via satellite. This would necessarily involve a press delegation much larger than those which had come to China with other state visitors.

At White House suggestion, the networks began drawing up manning tables to meet the broadcast needs. According to a network official, these lists came to about 300 people—roughly 100 representatives per network. Ziegler said the network list totaled "well over 200."

On November 16, an expanded group from the WHCA —this time including current officers and board members

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in addition to Sutherland and past presidents—met with Ziegler. According to participants, the press secretary reported that American officials—presumably Kissinger—had informed the Chinese that Mr. Nixon wished those American journalists who regularly cover the White House to accompany him to China. Press coverage had been negotiated just like a diplomatic matter, Ziegler said, and the United States had made considerable gains. At this same meeting, Ziegler is said to have told the WHCA that the Chinese could feed and house all 2,000 journalists who had requested places on the trip, but that for their own reasons they wished to hold the total below that number. Ziegler left the impression that Chinese notions of proper entertainment of press guests were an important consideration for Peking.

Ziegler reported that the censorship issue had been settled—there would be none. It had also been decided that only U.S. news organizations would be represented in the White House press corps on the trip. He would not say how many reporters would be permitted to accompany the President, but did say that places were assured for all U.S. news organizations that cover the White House on a daily basis and had made all three of Mr. Nixon's major foreign trips—the 1969 European trip, the 1969 Asian and round-the-world trip and the 1970 European trip. Those who regularly cover the White House and had made two of the three major trips would have a good chance of going to China; those who had covered the White House on a less extensive basis might have a chance for a few seats to be chosen by lot.

At this point Ziegler offered a concept he called "unit of coverage"—the minimum number of correspondents necessary to assure effective functioning in China. He said the "unit of coverage" would be one correspondent per newspaper or magazine, two to three per wire service, and three to four for each major television network.

Lists of the White House correspondents who regularly cover the President had been submitted to the Chinese Government, he said, along with lists and manifests of the press corps on the three major foreign trips. Ziegler held out the possibility that the Chinese might insist that the regular White House reporters accompany the President, rather than editors or specialists. The WHCA argued strongly—and successfully—that American news organizations should be free to choose their own representatives.

In December, it was decided that another advance party should go to Peking in early January to make a detailed survey in preparation for Mr. Nixon's trip. Network representatives are customarily included in such advance parties for major Presidential trips abroad, to plan the TV coverage. This time the White House agreed to take seven network people: CBS Washington bureau chief Small, who had been designated White House-network liaison man for the China trip; a three-member special network "broadcast committee," headed by Robert Siegenthaler of ABC; and one engineer per network.

AP and UPI correspondents covering the White House learned of the January survey trip shortly before it was announced, and requested that a wire service representative be included along with the broadcasters. They pointed out that, unlike all other countries to which the President had traveled, China had no resident AP or UPI bureau. The request was rejected. When print journalists raised the question of representation on the survey, Zeigler said their interests would be protected by members of the White House staff.

The January survey party was headed by Brig. Gen. Al Haig, Kissinger's deputy on the National Security Council, and included Ziegler and Presidential aide Dwight Chapin (both former officials of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency), as well as the seven-man network group. Arriving in Peking on January 3 in the Presidential jet, the Americans spent eight days talking with the Chinese and making dry-run trips to virtually all the places the President and Mrs. Nixon would visit in February. The broadcast representatives studied camera positions and lighting problems at the airport, the Great Wall, the Ming tombs, the Forbidden City and other "locations." The advance party was given a banquet by Chinese offiicals in the Great Hall of the People, where the two Presidential-level banquets would be held before TV cameras in February.

During this trip, Ziegler worked with the Chinese on details of the U.S. press delegation. He said later that, "in order to be fair" and to facilitate these discussions, he had separated the "technicians," required to support television and other communications, from the news-gathering press group to accompany the President. Ziegler said that the White House and Chinese agreed initially on a list of sixty-three "technicals" (subsequently raised to sixty-eight), who would precede the President. The number of "news-gathering" personnel was determined by "a building process," whereby the Chinese first approved a small number, then fifty to sixty, and finally about eighty press, according to Ziegler. After returning to Washington, Ziegler said he appealed successfully to the Chinese Government for seven more press seats.

Before the January trip, Ziegler had discreetly asked major news organizations covering the White House whom they expected to send to China; thus he went to Peking with a tentative list of journalists. Some of the broadcasters who accompanied Ziegler accidentally saw this list, and were shocked by the very few print journalists it included. This was the more astonishing because the broadcasters were informed during the January survey that each network could send at least twenty-one people as part of the "technical" pool, plus eleven more representatives each in the press plane accompanying the President. Four of the eleven could be correspondents. In addition, four TV "pool" men would be on the press plane. On the flight back from China, January 10, the broadcast representatives agreed to keep the numbers in their delegations—and all other arrangements—secret until announced by the White House. Ziegler is reported to have been delighted by their decision.

On January 12, Ziegler gave an on-the-record news briefing: the President would be accompanied by "approximately eighty" news-gathering personnel "from all segments of the U.S. news media, including the wire services, the daily newspapers, magazine correspondents, radio and television correspondents, and broadcast technicians such as cameramen, engineers and sound men for both radio and television." He also announced that a separate group of "technicians" would precede the President "to

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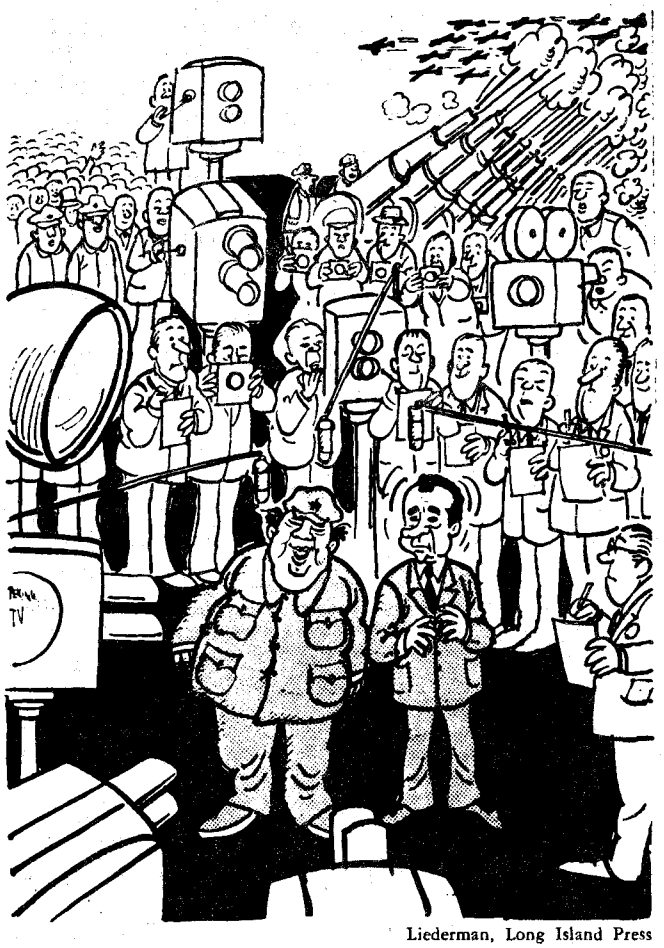

Liederman, Long Island Press

"Just Think, All This Will Have Gone to Waste If You're Not Re-Elected!"

establish, maintain, and run the ground station and the technical facilities, teletype and so forth." In answer to questions, he would not say how many people were to be in the advance party, and gave no hint that most of the "technicians" would be television network employees. "The technicians who will go in before are really to serve your interests or needs, the establishment of the communications facilities that you will use when you arrive in China," he told the White House press corps.

Though Ziegler would give no more details and network officials held to their vow of silence, it soon became known that the advance "technical" pool would contain considerably more than sixty people, including many network employees, and that each network would have eleven seats on the press plane. On January 31, the White House posted the names of some of those in the "technical" advance party, and on February 7 Ziegler announced the names and organizations of the news-gathering contingent to accompany the President. On February 16, the day before the advance party's departure, the White House posted additional names for that group.

The final makeup of the 155-member press delegation, as compiled from the White House postings and press list, was:

Network television and radio: Sixty-eight "technicians" in the advance party, plus twelve correspondents (four from each network), eight cameramen and seventeen "technicians." Total, 105.

Independent television and radio: One correspondent each from Public Broadcasting, Mutual, Storer, UPI Audio, Voice of America and Westinghouse. Total, six.

Wire services: Three correspondents, two photographers and one photo-transmitter each from AP and UPI. Total, twelve.

Newspapers: One correspondent each from *Baltimore Sun, Chicago Daily News, Chicago Sun-Times, Chicago Tribune, Christian Science Monitor, Detroit News, Los Angeles Times, Minneapolis Tribune,* New York *Daily News, The New York Times, Philadelphia Bulletin, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The Wall Street Journal, Washington Post,* Washington *Star,* Copley Newspapers, Gannett Newspapers, Hearst Newspapers, Knight Newspapers, Newhouse Newspapers, Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Total, twenty-one.

Syndicated columnists: Richard Wilson, Joseph Kraft, William Buckley. Total, three.

Magazines: One correspondent each from *Life, New Republic, Newsweek, Reader's Digest, Time, U.S. News & World Report.* One photographer each from *Life, Newsweek.* Total, eight.

In addition to this 155-member press party, twelve technicians went with the advance group to operate the satellite ground station, which would provide the link for live television transmission and direct teletype and telephone service.

The White House was far from candid about the makeup of the press delegation. For example, more than 3 long pages of the February 7th press list were devoted to a complete listing of the 104 Copley, Gannett, Hearst, Knight, Newhouse and Scripps-Howard newspapers—represented by a total of six correspondents. The predominant TV representation took up much less space on this press manifest. Moreover, many of the television "technicians" on the White House lists were actually producers, executive producers and other nontechnical personnel. According to one broadcast source, each network was permitted to include a certain number of such nontechnical personnel in its "technical" lists for the advance party without objection from the White House. This was apparently intended to swell TV's news ranks without giving offense to the print media. Ziegler denied any attempt to deceive, declaring that he simply processed the lists which the networks gave him.

Here are some samples of those in the advance party. The regular jobs of the "technicians," given in parentheses, were not disclosed at the White House:

"Film editor" Donald Smith (Southeast region producer, ABC News).

"Radio Engineer Supervisor" William Lord (Washington producer, ABC Evening News).

"Communications Specialist" Richard Fischer (Producer, NBC Nightly News).

"Production/Operations Manager" Stanhope Gould (Producer, CBS Evening News).

The February 7th White House press manifest listed the following as "television technicians." Again, their real jobs, given in parentheses, were not disclosed: television network sources say the White House—not the networks—decided to list these men as "technicians."

ABC: Walter Pfister (Executive producer special events, ABC); Av Westin (Executive producer, ABC

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Evening News); Tom O'Brien (vice president, ABC radio).

CBS: Robert Wussler (Executive producer, special events, CBS); Edward Fouhy (TV producer); Anthony Brunton (CBS radio producer).

NBC: Don Meaney (vice president, NBC News, in charge of special programs); Jack Reynolds (staff producer in Tokyo); Raymond Lockhart (producer, special events, NBC); Lester Crystal (London producer, NBC Nightly News).

Pool: William Small (CBS bureau chief, Washington; Network-White House liaison man for China trip).

On February 10, the last day for news organizations to make changes in their designations for the trip, CBS vice president Gordon Manning, who sometimes acts as special producer for Walter Cronkite, "bumped" CBS sound man Al Colby from the press list. On the same day, ABC vice president William Sheehan "bumped" ABC cameraman Carl Larsen, considered one of the best in the business. A network official who asked not to be quoted said that CBS and ABC added these executives because NBC's Meaney would otherwise have had a higher corporate rank than the heads of their news teams in China. ABC and CBS feared this rank would impress the Chinese and lead to special favors for NBC, particularly in connection with negotiations for a permanent bureau in China. When Ziegler was asked why he did not prevent network executives from replacing a cameraman and sound man on the press plane, he replied: "They [the networks] pick the people; I'm not going to determine who can be involved."

A television or radio "producer" roughly corresponds to a newspaper news editor or managing editor. The various lists disclose at least seventeen members of the press party who are actually broadcast producers or network executives. Thus the producers and network executives outnumbered the members of the President's official party.

Four seats on the trip were occupied by a commercial picture crew, hired by the White House to take color footage which can later be made into a movie. The crew was headed by Fritz Roland, director of David Wolper's version of *The Making of the President* in 1968. The crew traveled on Air Force One, where Mr. Nixon posed for them in flight, and was admitted to some events from which the regular press corps was barred.

Because the number of press representatives was limited by United States-Chinese agreement and because so many places were taken by network personnel, the space available for other news organizations was very tight. As might be expected, there was considerable criticism of the selection procedures by those organizations that were left out.

Seeing that his problem was difficult, Ziegler established three criteria for qualifying as a White House "regular" for the purposes of the trip, though he said in an interview that considerations of "judgment" and the desire for broad representation did not permit him to follow the criteria in all cases. The three criteria were *(1)* coverage of Mr. Nixon's three major foreign trips; *(2)* "regular daily coverage at the White House" and *(3)* coverage of the President's domestic travels.

Five news organizations which have assigned desks in the White House press room and cover the President on a frequent basis failed to win places in the China entourage. In each case, Ziegler informed the news organization a few hours before the February 7th press manifest was released. The organizations, and the reasons for rejections given by Ziegler at the time and later are:

Boston Globe: "Very close. They cover here from time to time. They have not traveled out in the country (domestically), particularly in the past year." The *Globe* has often been critical of the President, prompting formal protests from Communications Director Herbert Klein about some stories. Ziegler denied this was a factor in the *Globe*'s exclusion.

Newsday: "Also a tight call. They went through a period when they did not cover here [the White House] on a daily basis." A *Newsday* investigative series on Mr. Nixon's investments and the business activities of his friend, C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, irritated the White House last year. Ziegler said that had nothing to do with the newspaper's failure to go to China.

Buffalo Evening News: "Very close. Lucian Warren made all three foreign trips, but did not regularly cover us when we travel in the country."

RKO General Broadcasting: "Made the 1969 European trip, but not the other foreign trips."

Golden West Broadcasting: "A borderline case . . . . Frankly, we had to cut someplace." Very strong protest from Golden West brought profuse apologies from Klein, but no seat on the plane.

A number of the organizations included on the press list do not appear to meet the three criteria. For example, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *Detroit News*, Gannett and Knight cover the White House and domestic trips only sporadically. The three columnists—Wilson, Kraft and Buckley—are not often in evidence at the White House press room and hardly ever cover domestic travels. Public Broadcasting and *Reader's Digest* rarely cover the President.

Acting on his own, WHCA president Sutherland on February 15 sent Mr. Nixon a telegram appealing for a broader press list and pointing out that some organizations omitted from the trip had "much better records" of regular White House coverage than others represented on the press plane. There was no reply.

The total press representation on the China trip was considerably smaller than those on the other three major Nixon trips. In addition to resident bureaus and large numbers of technicians and correspondents already in place abroad, the traveling press corps accompanying the President in Europe in 1969 was 191 (including forty-nine newspaper representatives); 151 journalists (including thirty-two newspaper representatives) went with him on the 1969 Asian and round-the-world trip; and 139 (including thirty-one newspaper representatives) were on the 1970 European trip.

The day before departing on the first leg of the Peking trip, Ziegler vehemently denied that the trip was TV-dominated or would be "a television spectacular." He said the American press should be proud and pleased at the fair representation and broad coverage which the White House and the Chinese had arranged. □

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POLITICAL FEVERS

THE NEW STATE OF CALIFORNIA

MARY ELLEN LEARY
Miss Leary has been a West Coast political writer for more than twenty years, most of them on the Scripps-Howard San Francisco News. *She is now a free-lance writer.*

San Francisco

"Youth," that 18-to-24-year-old who has never voted for a President, promises to be a critical factor in California politics this year. It might tip the state out of its conservative orbit and carry Richard Nixon off into history. Both parties concede the importance of the young voters in reshaping the affairs of the largest state. The prospect is warily conceded by Republicans and joyfully embraced by Democrats. The former size up the young voters as their greatest obstacle ("challenge" they prefer to put it); the latter see the jeans-clad, long-haired boy or girl as the Democratic Party's savior, even if the party gets a bit roughed up in the process.

From his soundings, California's Republican national committeeman, Thomas C. Reed, is convinced that young people will participate this year in significant numbers. "It's like the first time women got the vote. The feminists really poured out in 1920. Well, the young, male and female, are going to respond this year." Even Gov. Ronald Reagan, who got elected by excoriating youth and its "radicalized" campuses, now urges Republicans to woo those brilliant young college people. It is a wry twist.

No one talks landslide in California; no one expects a massive shift in the staid, middle-of-the-road, anxiety-ridden electorate that has come to characterize California at its population zenith. After all, the state put Reagan back into the governorship not quite two years ago. Richard Nixon carried California in 1968 by 223,000, about nine votes per precinct. He had lost it to John F. Kennedy by an even narrower edge, 20,000. All sides expect that, win or lose, his margin this year will again be slim. "About *soooo* much" said one Republican, holding thumb and index finger an air space apart.

"It will hinge on about 1 per cent of the electorate," thinks GOP leader Reed, and the Democrats generally agree. State Sen. George Moscone from San Francisco put it: "Nobody yet is making any hard statements that we will win. But we can. That's where we stand today. If we play this game right, we can." On the other side, Republican state controller, Houston Flournoy, who quit teaching college-level political science to win his way resoundingly at the polls, says: "In California no Republican can ever be sure he will carry the state. He can speculate on a better chance or a worse chance, that's all. For Mr. Nixon I think right now it's a better chance."

Only one optimist among California politicians today is bold enough to assert: "Any Democrat nominated will beat President Nixon in California by 300,000 to 500,000." That comes from the powerful Assembly Speaker, Robert Moretti. He expects the nominee to be Sen. Edmund S. Muskie. Even with nine Democratic candidates already tussling for the California primary, the central question is not the outcome of June 6 but whether or not Nixon can be defeated in November. If he cannot carry California, the consensus is that he cannot carry the nation.

There have been three strong indications in recent weeks that change is afoot in the Western state's political climate. The most solid is the registration tally. California's voter registration has been preponderantly Democratic since the depression. That hasn't necessarily produced Democratic victories, of course, but it is a building block, especially helpful in national elections. The Democrats have held a consistent 3-to-2 edge, but in the new registrations, paced by youth, the ratio runs to a slightly better than 2-to-1 advantage. The youth registration is already calculated to have reached 30 per cent of the 1.1 million in the 18-to-21 age group; the goal is 50 per cent. January figures show a registration ratio among California's 8 million voters that has pushed Republicans to their lowest point in twenty years; they have 38.8 per cent of the electorate, while the Democrats hold 55.2 per cent.

In the past two years, students at Berkeley have generated the steam which put Ronald Dellums, a black, into Congress, replaced an arch-conservative legislator with a liberal young Democrat, Kenneth Meade, and then went on to take over the Berkeley city council. The registration figures again tell a tale. In January 1969, there were 33,000 registered Democrats in Berkeley and 14,000 Republicans; in January this year, there were 50,000 Democrats and 13,000 Republicans.

Davis is another University of California campus where political activity is keen. A student movement there supports a trio of liberal candidates for the city council election in April. Again, note the effect on registration: in January 1969, Davis had 7,900 voters, of whom 4,256 were Democrats and 3,308 Republicans. This January, the total was almost doubled—13,500 registered voters, of whom 8,000 are Democrats and 4,500 Republicans.

The second and most sensational indication of change was the February 18th California Supreme Court ruling that death is no longer acceptable as a punishment for crime in a modern civilized society, and is henceforth banned in California as "impermissibly cruel." Carefully basing its decision on the California state constitution, not on the federal, the court has taken a position from which effective appeal seems unlikely. This exhibition of courage and judicial vision can hardly be credited to youth, of course, though it is notable that the lone dissenter in the 6-to-1 vote was the court's oldest member, 77-year-old Justice Marshall McComb.

What the independence and forthrightness of this decision does indicate, quite apart from the humane influence the ruling is bound to have on all American systems of justice, is that it is again respectable in California for Republicans to be progressive. To a shocked Governor Reagan and his fellow conservatives ("a mockery of the constitutional processes," he termed the decision) the shattering blow is that the decision was so nearly unanimous

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and was written by Chief Justice Donald R. Wright, whom Reagan handpicked for the court. The Governor has reacted by coming out flatly "for" the death penalty and by encouraging an initiative to reverse the ruling (though how that might be done is a puzzle). Peace officers of the state vow they will get such an initiative on the ballot.

It would be unjust to see any political calculation in Chief Justice Wright's intrepid position, but the fact is that the majority of experienced Republican officeholders in California are far more amenable to change, to adapting policy to "contemporary standards of decency," than is Governor Reagan, who can't seem to quit the 1920s. By its freshness, decency and courage, this decision from a court that has a Democratic majority but is Republican-led gives heart to a whole breed of progressive Republicans (sometimes categorized as Earl Warren Republicans) who have been out of favor in California since Reagan was first elected in 1966, or perhaps since 1964 when Sen. Barry Goldwater took the GOP primary from Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. It is being said, though thus far only behind closed doors, that if President Nixon is to carry California in November, Republicans must revive the popularity of a "progressive" label and set about wooing middle-of-the-road Democrats with commitments more tangible than "law and order."

A third hint of impending change, also generated in large part by the young, was the surprisingly large turnouts for Sen. George McGovern of South Dakota at Democratic caucuses held throughout the state. His were everywhere the biggest. By numbers, by disciplined organization, by a special zeal and sophistication that suggested they drew the university crowd, the McGovern cohorts opened a little noticed door and let the public peek in upon an enthusiasm for the Senator that is not at all reflected in public opinion polls. McGovern spokesmen claim, at this early hour, more than 300 times as many volunteers as have been attracted by all the other Democratic candidates combined. True or not, the boast is a fair measure of the excitement he has generated.

Money might ordinarily be thought to be a problem for McGovern, but the limit of 10¢ per voter to which candidates have pledged to confine their primary spending "keeps us in the ball game," as one McGovern man put it. "We couldn't get two or three million for California, but we can get a million dollars as well as anybody else and spend it as effectively. Our volunteers and our depth of commitment will make the difference over money. Support for the other candidates is kind of 'iffy.' I mean, our backers are motivated! We've got a fever running."

It isn't the first fever recorded among California's young. Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota captured similar enthusiasm last time around. Today, recognition of his name keeps his campaign status alive, but his organization is almost embarrassingly weak. In many parts of the state no more than two or three assembled for his caucuses. The dreamy adulation of the 1968 McCarthy drive has been replaced by a far tougher political attitude among the under-30 group. A disciplined determination to bring about change this year through the ballot box is the special reality one detects on the California scene.

These are not the same "youth" who hit the streets in disenchantment and outrage when the previous Presidential selection was under way, venting their frustrations in attacks upon the "pigs," denouncing the system. They are today fully as rebellious against a country that is still at war, that gives military matters the budget and policy priority, that tolerates urban blight, prison cruelty, widespread unemployment and second-class citizenship for the poor. They are, if anything, younger, for the addition of 18-year-olds involves a considerable portion of high school students in political affairs. But these young have maturity.

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"I Thought the 'Law and Order' People Were Against That Sort of Thing!"

Larry Seidman, co-president of the Associated Students of the University of California, Berkeley, is one of the leaders in a rousing statewide campaign to get students registered and voting. This campus drive, already reflected in voter statistics, has a counterpart off-campus in Frontlash, a vigorous political reach to the working and unemployed young. In California this aspect of the "youth" movement has strong union support, year-round funding and an effective program. So "in" is political action among the young in California that Huey Newton has announced that the Black Panthers' immediate concern will be registering voters in the black community.

McGovern's surprising strength is related to this youthful drive in California, but he has by no means captured all the young. Every Democratic campaign in the state is awash with young people, including articulate, aggressive feminists in their patched jeans and granny spectacles. Democratic successes with the neglected blocs—the young, the minorities, the women, the elderly—drove the Republicans to a curious convention strategy. Governor Reagan, pledged unequivocally to lead a Nixon delegation, found it necessary to create two slates. The official delegates have been picked according to the current

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fashion: 35 per cent women, 15 per cent people under 30, 10 per cent minorities. As the press noted, it is a "younger and prettier" delegation than the GOP has sent off to conventions in the past. But cosily beside it a second, "unofficial" slate has been formed, carrying officeholders and the money boys who are usually dispatched on convention business. This year, they have "volunteered" not to be voting delegates; instead, they will attend the Nixon convention in San Diego to "advise" the official team.

Senator Muskie is in the Democratic lead right now, whether one measures by the polls, his support from "name" politicians, his public recognition and "aura of win-ability," or even by the money available to him. With Paul Ziffren, shrewd and experienced former national committeeman, as one Muskie state chairman, and the other the superbly able young Edmund G. Brown, Jr., secretary of state and sole Democratic major officeholder in California today, Muskie has assembled the most sparkling parade of party leadership. Speaker of the Assembly Moretti is committed to him; Sen. James R. Mills, president pro tem of the state's upper house, has been with Muskie for more than a year. He has signed up most of the Los Angeles liberals. He has a "youth" organization in full swing. He has a substantial base in every county. Supporters admit that the public has not been electrified. It won't be; there is no "touch and feel" magnetism to the man. What is looked for is a steady conversion, growing from week to week.

But old-time California Democrats banked a lot of love for Hubert Humphrey in the days when it wasn't easy to point to clean idealists in Congress and Hubert was the vociferous, nonstop voice of the liberal. He is remembered now as the good guy. It is somewhat in keeping with today's taste for nostalgia that almost every Democrat who can look back on twenty years of party work is to be found in the back room of Humphrey headquarters. These are not *Last Hurrah* has-beens; they include many of California's adroit advisers—among others, Eugene Wyman, Beverly Hills attorney and former national committeeman; San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto; financier Walter Shorenstein; Rep. Chet Holifield; former chief assistant attorney general Charles O'Brien.

Labor, Humphrey's mainstay last time, is again contributing a high proportion of his fans. But labor in California isn't ready to tie itself to any one Democrat. Instead, it is deliberately encouraging as wide a labor presence among all Democratic contenders as can be mustered, urging individual union officials to pick their own favorites but to get active. The aim is to be as visible as possible but to retain enough flexibility to fit into the winner's camp.

Like labor, minority leadership is scattered among the candidates. California has many black sophisticates in political circles, including powerful leadership in the legislature, and they incline to the Muskie or McGovern camps; but Mayor John V. Lindsay has picked up effective support among the minorities. Some Humphrey caucuses were headed by blacks, including W. Byron Rumford, Jr., in Oakland, while Wilson Riles, Jr. pledged himself to Rep. Shirley Chisholm. Rep. Ronald Dellums is Mrs. Chisholm's most powerful endorser to date. The bulk of the black community, like most of the white community in California, is not yet alive to this year's political pitch.

Republicans claim strength among the Spanish-speaking. There have been some Republican appointments from this community, as well as from the blacks, though not enough to satisfy Mexican-American leadership or the NAACP. The Spanish-speaking nurse a grievance against Democrats, believing that they did not get adequate consideration when reapportionment might have given them a district in Los Angeles to call their own. The GOP makes much of this grudge. "The biggest thing going on in the minority community right now," black Assemblyman John Miller told one McGovern caucus, "is this Republican effort to split the Spanish-speaking and the blacks." The forecast is for a very low turnout from the Mexican-Americans.

Mayor Lindsay is blessed with the support of an old friend, former national committeewoman Elizabeth Gatov, one of the most distinguished and astute Democrats in the state, whom President Kennedy made U.S. Treasurer. Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, anathema to many in California for his war stand, is nevertheless gathering a following. The results of the earlier primaries will be felt by all nine candidates when Californians vote in June, but as of early February, a Mervin D. Field poll found Muskie drawing 28 per cent, Humphrey 23 per cent, McCarthy and Lindsay 9 per cent each, McGovern 7 per cent and Wallace 6 per cent. This early, such figures for the most part measure name familiarity.

There has been a tendency out of state to dismiss the California caucus mechanism for choosing convention delegates as unimportant, despite the McGovern display, because these February 12th and February 19th meetings could not be taken as solid measures of candidate strength, were not binding on the party, and represented procedural party reform, not substantive change. Nevertheless, within the state, this attempt to overcome the disenchantment caused by the 1968 convention with a more democratic selection of delegates is taken seriously. It got the political season rolling, presented an optimistic array of fresh faces and possibilities, and displaced routine conventional politicians with new, real people. That had been an aim of the McGovern Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection. For latecomer candidates or for the littleheeded, such as Representative Chisholm, Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana, Senator McCarthy or Senator Jackson, the need to find some headquarters in every one of the forty-three Congressional districts in the state, whether at a school, a union hall, a church or an outdoor park, and to summon supporters to choose delegation nominees, compelled an organization that got things moving fast.

The turnout of new people on February 12 was spectacular. Assembly Speaker Moretti confessed to seeing so many newcomers in his own district that he felt lucky to get elected to the delegation. A number of officeholders were not so fortunate; they were beaten by votes for people literally "in off the streets"—an articulate women's libber or a voluble law student or a new black personality. "It's an exciting development and it worked," Moretti said. "We reached people who had no idea how to get themselves inside the door of a political organization. I'd never seen or heard of two-thirds of the people who came to my caucus."

In one San Francisco district, three of the most powerful and liberal Democratic Party supporters of the last

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decade, William Roth, a State Department official under Kennedy; William K. Coblentz, Governor Brown's chief strategist; and William Orrick, a Kennedy Justice Department hand, were all bumped by some students from the Jesuit University of San Francisco and from Hastings Law School. More than one Muskie caucus was loud with complaint about his early war stand. At a McGovern session a speaker asked plaintively, "Where are our black brothers? We haven't got enough minority mix."

Though less boss-ridden than many a Democratic apparatus, California's system for electing convention delegates used to be clandestine and systematically designed to include the respected wealthy, the obeisant officeholders, the "inside gang." A major program for party reform developed in the wake of the 1968 debacle, when California Democrats, in shock after Sen. Robert Kennedy's assassination, found their party completely shattered. Much of the program fell by the wayside but the new method of selecting delegates survived.

Mandating open caucuses in each Congressional district for each separate candidate, so that any Democratic voter who happened to attend might propose a delegate, or be appointed one, certainly made the process visible. But it wasn't all that tidily democratic. The names were technically only nominations, not final choices. The candidate's organization could flout this whole formality and name anyone when, one week later, the delegation had to be announced. But to enforce a standard that would prevent this, the McGovern camp was first out with the announcement that its slate consisted 95 per cent of caucus nominees. The others did not dare to fall much below that level. The Muskie slate came 93 per cent from caucus designates. All chose delegates close to an unwritten standard that had been agreed upon: 50 per cent women: 20 per cent youth; 20 per cent black; 10 per cent other minorities; 10 per cent aged. McGovern delegates purposely outreached the formula. His California slate is 51 per cent women; 40 per cent youth; 19 per cent black; 19 per cent Spanish-surnamed; 3.5 per cent Asian; 0.9 per cent American Indian; 6 per cent senior citizens.

Charles Manatt, state Democratic Party Chairman, summed up the effect: "Whoever wins will certainly have a more interesting delegation at the convention than in the past. It is not the world of the rich any more. Some people, though, are going to have their minds blown." It is expected that many of the delegates will be unable to pay their own way to Miami. To get them there, special fund-raising events are planned for late June.

For all the primary flurry already begun on behalf of nine diverse Democratic candidates, a quite remarkable peace blesses the party in California. For the first time in memory the ritual of seeking a preference among various Presidential possibilities within their own party is being accomplished without political cannibalism. "We're on a unity kick," said Moretti. It is deeper than that: self-preservation dictates brotherly love. California Democrats indulged in savage feuds between Kefauver-Stevenson followers, Jess Unruh and Governor Brown cliques, Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy camps. Republicans imposed a rule when Reagan first ran, an "Eleventh Commandment," to speak no evil of one another. Democrats this year are living by the greatest commandment of all: they love one another. At least, they love one another more than they love Richard Nixon. They are spending no time at one another's throats. Mayor Sam Yorty is the lone exception; he lives by attack and invites it in return.

It would seem unlikely that such harmony can be preserved into June. In many respects the California primary will be the critical test for those still in the running by then, and victory will be desperately sought. The very size of the field heightens hopes. Candidates who aren't frontrunners can anticipate, in this unconventional state, that victory will turn on a chance phrase, a lucky photograph, one fortunate television exposure, somebody's momentary anger. Mutual benevolence can hardly survive the tension.

In the past, much of California's party bitterness was generated by the "winner take all" manner of selecting convention delegates, for out of this winning group was structured the party leadership for the next four years. State power was thus gambled totally on each Presidential aspirant. This year, the strategy is to prevent such divisiveness. Only 88 per cent of the permitted delegates will be selected before the primary. These are the 238 names now chosen, largely from the caucuses, to constitute each man's delegation. After the primary, the victor will add to his delegates thirty-three more names, presumably from the leadership of all the rival tickets. That balm is expected to heal the bruises within the party and maintain the current unity. It may just work.

What troubles Republicans is not animosity but contentment. "We're suffering from success," said Reed, the party's energetic young national committeeman. "People just don't get very exercised when they are in power. A lot of Republicans who helped Reagan and Nixon win have gone off to tend their businesses, content that the government is in good hands. They don't see any Democratic threat." But Reed and his fellow GOP leaders in California see it. Reed has an unusual background for a politician, and it attunes him to today. He was an aerospace physicist before he got bored, went into land development and then politics. He has shepherded Reagan's star from the start.

No one doubts that the central political force within California is Gov. Ronald Reagan. He dominates state affairs, establishes the political climate, and leaves little room for rival leadership. The legislature, though now led by a Democratic majority, spins its wheels just to counter Reagan's moves.

After nearly six years in office, and with his appointments dotting the state, the Governor has retooled the GOP, with its money-raising power, into a Reagan party. Yet, despite this control and despite the incalculable assets the Presidency commands, Republicans in California face some real problems in reaching out to voters who are characterized these days primarily as "unhappy." The California GOP is at the point where fences, instead of needing mending, must be torn down to enlarge the territory. The Nixon problem in California is simple—it is to get votes from Democrats. The Nixon people believe this requires a takeover of the Reagan apparatus.

No one is sure whether Governor Reagan is an asset or a liability. Democrats tally the voter blocs he has alienated; schoolteachers, university professors, "youth," the poor, the welfare recipients, the agricultural workers, labor.

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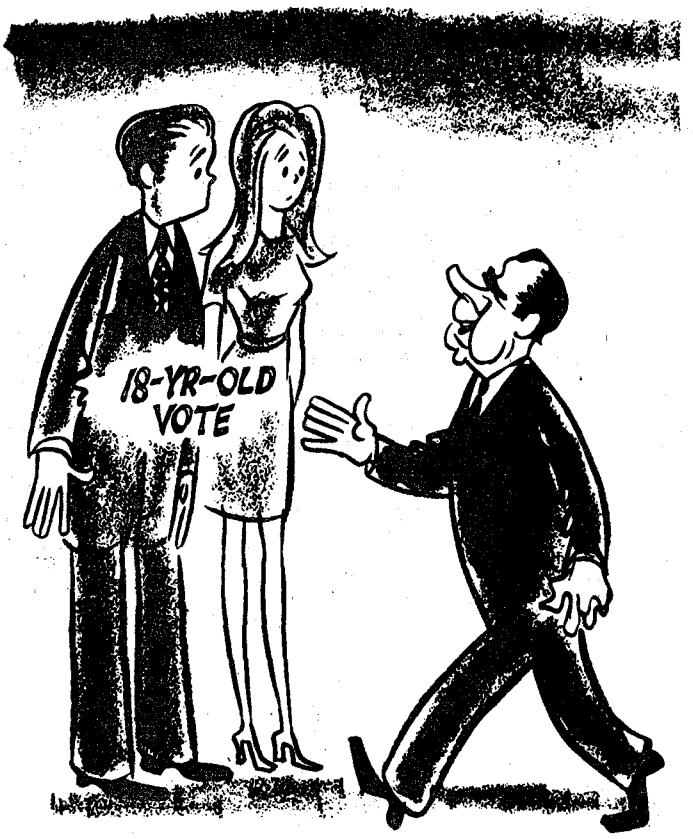

Pierotti

"Why, Hello There!"

Nevertheless, Reagan proved only two years ago that Democratic votes still supported his conservative exhortations and endorsed his record.

Reagan's re-election prompted a *rapprochement* last year between the Governor and the man he so boldly challenged for the Presidency at the 1968 Republican convention. This impertinence has been completely abandoned, of course. Reagan has since then had some education in what is politically achievable. Besides, he has moved away from the amateur "citizen governor" stance so alien to Nixon's professionalism. Reagan now eyes Alan Cranston's U.S. Senate seat. The Governor pledged himself almost a year ago to Nixon's re-election and has never deviated.

Reagan has been allowed to retain his differences with the President over welfare, an arena he built for himself in which to strike an ultraconservative pose and draw national right-wing applause. As long as he remains a loyal supporter, it can hardly hurt Nixon to let Reagan tend this small flame to warm the restless troops on the far Right. It may even develop that Governor Reagan's principal value to the President will be his money-raising banquet-hall declamations in the Midwest and South against the "undeserving poor" and "welfare cheats," as rousing a rhetorical exercise as any Agnew might concoct and perhaps more effective in appeasing dissidents.

The Nixon move into the tightly held fiefdom of Ronald Reagan is being achieved in so polite and proper a style that you wouldn't believe it of Martha Mitchell's husband. Reagan lieutenants know they don't command the inside circle, but they are relaxed about their share in the campaign. If Nixon carries California, Reagan will get proper credit; if the state is lost, he will get all the blame, even though the trips to Moscow or Peking sank the ship. The establishment of an effective and strictly independent Nixon drive will involve a number of delicate personality and organizational meshings. So far, it goes well. The Governor gets the titular glory. He chose the delegation and will head it; he makes the campaign announcements. But the state is too important a stake to be left to Reagan hands.

Lyn Nofziger, the right-hand man to novice Reagan in 1966 and for a time his press secretary, has been dispatched from Washington to be one Nixon chief; another is industrialist David Packard, recently resigned from the Defense Department. In Southern California Gordon Luce tends camp. These are men with such good past relations with Reagan that they can move Nixon affairs ahead without a clash. Off stage but helpful if needed, are Caspar Weinberger and Joseph Martin, now in important federal posts, but Republican power centers in California until Reagan took control. Somewhere in the invisible structure but very apparent on the scene is Robert Finch, Presidential consultant, who is eying a return to California affairs. His views and policies have been the opposite of Reagan's, but Finch proved himself the largest GOP vote getter in California since Earl Warren when he outran Reagan in 1966, though second fiddle on the ticket. Since quitting California to work with Mr. Nixon, Finch has maintained close alliances in the state, and a cheering section that includes the strongly Republican *Los Angeles Times,* given of late to acid editorial criticism of Reagan. The Governor is not among Finch's fans.

Such contrary personalities could make trouble, but there is too much self-interest on either side for the party to be in much danger of a split. Reed, Reagan's key aide, is so respected in the Nixon camp that Mitchell has invited him to a major role in the national campaign. He will accept after playing host at the San Diego convention.

The major change to be expected in the California GOP is that, needing a broader voter appeal this year, it will bring moderate and liberal Republicans back into the action after six years. For instance, State Controller Houston Flournoy, former college professor, who has won office by larger margins than either Nixon or Reagan ever drew in California, would be a logical Republican envoy to the young. He is no part of the Reagan machine.

So the California Republicans have begun to move away from the far Right positions Reagan symbolized, and it is notable that his own speeches this year have taken a more positive and gentler approach. Reagan apologists, who now insist that he never stood with the extreme Right but was merely overwhelmed by it, are aided in this rewriting of the recent past by leaders of the blustery United Republicans of California, who have insisted on getting Rep. John Ashbrook onto the ballot against Nixon.

"Reaganism was a kind of style," said San Francisco state Senator Moscone. "It is on the wane." The conservative mood, Moscone feels, which looked to the past and wrung hands over threats to the good-time life, has been replaced by a prevailing sense of worry for the future. "Democrats will vote," he said, "for a candidate who comes to grips with today's very tangible problems. They are through with big talk."

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The immense display of international competence which the President seeks to spread before the world will be weighed in California against the average workingman's personal unease over economic insecurity. Most indices of change suggest this is not the same state that put Reagan into office in 1966, or gave Nixon a valuable nudge toward the Presidency in 1968 or even chose Reagan over Jess Unruh in 1970. Not long ago, California had two Republican U.S. Senators; now both are Democrats. It had as elected school superintendent one of the most outrageous demagogues of the Right, Max Rafferty; he has been replaced by a quiet and effective black school man, Wilson Riles. In 1966 Republicans won a majority in both legislative houses, the result of a long, deliberate effort to get control by 1971, so that the GOP could tailor reapportionment to its advantage. By 1971, it had lost both majorities.

California is no longer a 1,000-mile-long boom town. Californians, who came to the state full of exuberant American aspirations for the good life, gnaw away at economic worries. Their kids can't get into local colleges; tuition at the university, once free, is now alarmingly high and scholarship coffers are empty; grammar schools are beset by problems; local property taxes are an outrage and state taxes, for all the Governor's promises, have leaped notably this year, including for the first time payroll deductions for income tax.

Organized labor hasn't for a long time been able to rally the workingmen into a voting bloc, but this year may be different. The combination of widespread unemployment (near 6 per cent in California), onerous taxes, continuing rise in food prices, concern lest government control may not last long enough to snuff out inflation or may prove more lenient to price increases than to wage increases—all these have set the stage for a middle-class protest. Labor spokesmen, dedicated to defeating Nixon, are convinced that the team of workingman and "youth" can be the decisive political factor in California this year. □

TIME-STUDY COERCION

The Men Won't Toe the Vega Line

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick, who teaches at Columbia University, spent fifteen years as a shop steward in an auto plant. His Detroit: City of Race and Class Violence *will be published this spring by Quadrangle Books.*

The world's fastest assembly line was shut down on March 3 in what General Motors declared was a dispute over works standards. The United Auto Workers (UAW) said the walkout, involving more than 7,700 workers, was caused by speedups. By confining or reducing the issues in conflict to the problem of speed, and not considering the nature of the job, whatever the speed, both sides have made a mistake that will add to the difficulties of settlement.

The site of the dispute is Lordstown, Ohio, part of the Cleveland-Warren industrial complex. The plant is GM's new, highly automated Vega assembly operation. This plant and the Vega were to be GM's answers to small imports. The factory has been designed to turn out 100 vehicles an hour. The Vega is put together from 578 different body parts; the average car, by contrast, has 996. This reduction, plus the latest automated equipment, seemed to make the compact a sure manufacturing success.

As further assurance, GM carefully screened its work applicants, seeking and obtaining mainly young (average age less than 25), white workers with a better than average education (more years of high school). Less than 500 of the plant employees are women and only 100 are black. The pay scale is about $36 a day, not counting fringe benefits. Relief time is about twenty-three minutes twice a day. Only a year ago, GM wrote its Vega employees a letter thanking them for a job well done.

What factors changed this relationship? The passage of time alone turned the excitement of new jobs into the humdrum of assembly line drudgery. Furthermore, GM never achieved its goal of 100 cars per hour off the assembly line, which meant that the work pace never met the arbitrary standards set by GM's time-study engineers. Last October, therefore, GM placed the Vega plant under the control of its General Motors Assembly Division (GMAD), which soon began eliminating or changing jobs and increasing workloads.

Leonard Woodcock, president of the UAW, remarked recently that GMAD is "probably the roughest, toughest division in GM. They admit they jerked 300 workers out of the system; our people say 700. The men are fighting back. That's all." For management, the issue soon became one of prestige as well as work output. GMAD's reputation was at stake, and that is one factor in the inability of the two parties to negotiate the grievances peacefully and satisfactorily. Before GMAD took over, there had been 300 grievances; under the new management there were more than 5,000 with hundreds of discipline cases to boot.

GMAD's operational techniques are standard in the auto industry. Works standards engineers determine the number of seconds required for an operation and foremen are given the manpower to perform at that rate. Failure to meet the standard results in disciplinary action against the employee: being sent home, given days off, ultimately discharge. As men resist in one form or another, usually by not meeting the workload, the cars go down the line incomplete. When repairs have piled up to a predetermined point, management sends the entire work force home. The key to understanding this performance conflict is that the assembly line determines the pace of the men, not the other way around. Hence workers feel manacled to the line.

In management theory, when "send homes" have oc-

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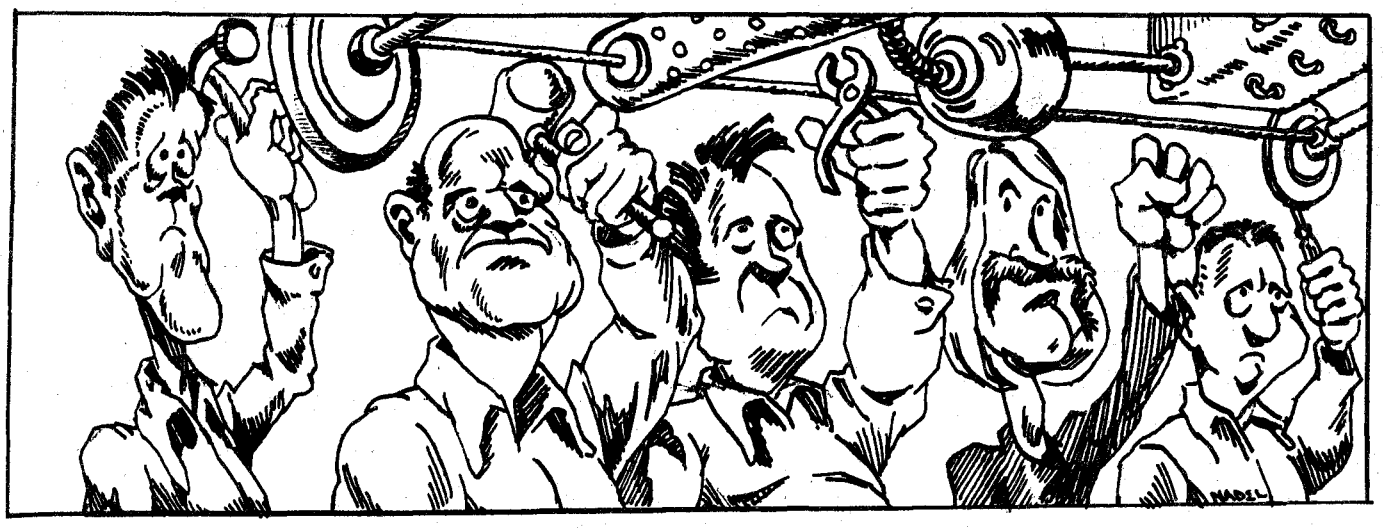

curred a number of times, the men not working directly on the line and thus unaffected by the works standards dispute will begin to put pressure on the assembly workers. "We need the pay; write a grievance. Let's not lose all our power in small fights." This attitude, plus disciplinary measures, is expected to break the resistance to the new works standards, which have been "scientifically" calculated and must therefore be "right." Frequently this process fails, and management faces and accepts a strike, which usually ends in compromise. Then management begins the whole process over again. (That is a thumbnail history of all auto assembly plants.)

When C. E. Wilson, GM president, introduced in 1949 the concept of an "annual improvement factor wage increase," the company wasn't kidding when it said it knew that the workers would increase productivity annually. GM's works standards department was and is strictly professional and totally impersonal when it comes to viewing the human factor.

At the Lordstown plant, management entirely miscalculated the reaction of its carefully selected young to the time-study coercion. The resistance was direct, hostile and brutal. Pressure for a strike was immediate, and the hatred of GMAD universal. Among the management's jokes, as many workers saw it, was the attempt to solve employee attitudes by sensitivity training! In response, young workers irritated management by singing *Solidarity Forever* in the cafeteria during mealtime. The college-trained management personnel, who have never worked on an assembly line, are a special focus of disrespect among the young and new breed of workers.

Their attitudes and views are symbolized by the kind of union leader they elected in 1970 to be their spokesman. Local 1112 president is Gary Bryner, aged 29, who doesn't fit the ordinary image of a local union leader. Like so many of his followers, he uses the language of contemporary youth. "Let's rap," he says. "Right-on," he agrees. Bryner ends phone conversations with the slogan, "Peace." His desk has a peace symbol in prominent display, next to his favorite book, *Revolutionary Quotations of Great Americans*. Neither he nor his members stand in awe of GM, or anybody else.

Since striking over works standards disputes is a right retained by the UAW during the life of a contract, the local union leadership and membership overwhelmingly and eagerly voted to exercise that right, and the battle has been joined, with costs for both sides soon to mount. The UAW was organized primarily to resist speedups and decisions made unilaterally by the auto barons. The old-timers did their part, made many sacrifices to build the union as an organization of worker protection against the huge companies. But try as they might, they could never solve the problem that work on an assembly line was a rotten way to make a living. Only peripheral improvement, like more adequate relief time, relieved the strain. Walter Reuther used to characterize the assembly plant a "golden-plated sweat shop." Now the young workers are taking the work issues a step further. They are irreverent of all decision makers; they simply don't see working GM's way all their lives, no matter what the pay. Even Henry Ford recently remarked that the auto industry had never solved the problem of boredom on the assembly line. That is the issue projecting itself once again in the negotiations at Lordstown. The young workers give every indication that they won't put up with what was considered hard but "normal" work conditions. Assembly lines going at the rate of sixty-five an hour add a factor of fatigue by their very pace. How high it must be on a line designed to run at 100 jobs an hour hasn't been calculated; nor can it be, since no one yet has worked under those conditions.

The prospect of spending a lifetime that way is a basic ingredient of dissatisfaction in the Vega factory. As a consultant to GM recently told *Iron Age* magazine, "Constant, repetitive work is being resisted by workers, and when you put in tough management to make a car every forty seconds, instead of fifty-five, the whole thing falls apart. You can't take a young man, average age 22, and subject him to the dreadful, dismal future of a production line."

That's the real challenge in the Lordstown strike, and the negotiators can't answer it if they confine the argument exclusively to the pace of work, rather than the kind of work. Both count in the minds of the young workers, and that is why the current strike has such unusual importance. A new element is being introduced into the old argument of man versus machine. Who runs whom for what purpose? And at what human cost? The young workers are asking good questions, which will come increasingly to the fore in the decade of the 1970s. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Ethical Roots of Science

SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND ITS SOCIAL PROBLEMS. *By J. R. Ravetz. Oxford University Press. 449 pp. $16.*

THEODORE ROSZAK
Mr. Roszak, author of The Making of a Counter Culture *(Doubleday), is editor of the anthology* Sources *(Harper & Row). His latest book,* Where the Wasteland Ends, *will be published by Doubleday in the fall.*

Somewhere deep in the voluminous files of the General Services Administration in St. Louis, there are three brief entries that tersely record the moral collapse of the scientific tradition. They state how one Albert Einstein was employed by the Navy Department as a "scientist" from May 31, 1943 to June 30, 1944, then as a "technicist" from July 1, 1944 to June 30, 1945, and finally, from July 1, 1945 to June 30, 1946 as a "consultant for research on explosives," working especially on the development of bombs and underwater weapons.

The noblest scientific spirit of them all. Yet he too traveled the downward path from pure science to bomb physics in a swift, unbroken progression. Of course, with the most understandable motives. To beat Hitler to the bomb. To drive back the barbarian at the gates. What other choice was there? Still, the bomb was not used to intimidate Hitler but to incinerate the undefended civilians of Hiroshima. And Nagasaki. And to design the balance of terror. And to undergird the great postwar military-industrial boondoggle. Even against the protests of its inventors. Pity Prometheus, returning with the fire of the gods . . . to be received by a delegation of warlords who keep their own less exalted counsel.

It is also a matter of record that when Leo Szilard approached Einstein as late as July 1939 to discuss the possibility of controlled uranium fission, Einstein's surprised comment was, "That never occurred to me." True, the subject had often been mentioned in professional journals and at scientific conferences since the publication of his special theory in 1905. But, preoccupied with more abstruse speculations, Einstein paid no attention to these technical questions.

Is it not nearly surrealistic, this unnatural alliance—which Einstein so uniquely embodies—of superlative innocence and potentially genocidal violence? Arthur Koestler has characterized the first generation of modern scientists (Kepler, Galileo, Newton) as "sleepwalkers," wandering into new and terrible possibilities without realizing their course. The sleepwalking has continued, at last into the nightmare of our time where the mushroom cloud gathers like a lurid nimbus about that saintly, sadly gentle face with which Einstein, too ironically, was gifted.

By now it is no news that the same aggressive dissent which has unsettled every other profession and institution in Western society has also penetrated the scientific community, bringing its somnambulism to an abrupt halt. The scientists (especially in America and England—and most of all in Japan, where bomb physicists have been ostracized from the Japanese Physical Society) now face their troubling share of anti-conferences, principled defections, public recriminations and radical factionalism. Out of this ferment of protest, Jerome Ravetz, an American philosopher of science teaching at Leeds University in England, has drawn together a critique of the scientific establishment which admirably combines philosophical generality with sociological precision. *Scientific Knowledge and its Social Problems* deserves to stand for some time to come as one of the landmarks of the new critical spirit which is transforming science from within in ways whose political and cultural importance cannot be exaggerated. This is an important (as well as a demanding) book whose indictment of "industrialized science," while impassioned, is yet informed by an authentic love of natural philosophy. I know of no better study to use as a guide in reflecting upon the future of science in our society.

Industrialized science is, for Ravetz, an expanding province of "shoddy science, entrepreneurial science, reckless science, and dirty science." He means something specific by each term and takes each vice to task in detail, concluding that those who have entered science "as a refuge from the intellectual and moral squalor of ordinary society find, in their advancing years, that they are involved in administering just another bureaucratic establishment. They are enmeshed in the demands of society and the State; they must accomplish the administrative and social tasks of getting high-quality craftsmen's work out of a set of manpower-unit employees; and in participating in the leadership of their field, they must cope with the insoluble practical and moral problems which emerge when corruption sets in."

Scientists of some dedication who have lived through this bleak transition to the age of the "science factories" (as Norbert Wiener once called them) have found only a despairing nostalgia awaiting them at the end of their careers. In his memoirs, Max Born sorrowfully noted:

> During my span of life science has become a matter of public concern and the *l'art pour l'art* standpoint of my youth is now obsolete. . . . In the operation of science and its ethics a change has taken place that makes it impossible to maintain the old ideal of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which my generation believed in.

Poignant reflections—not least of all because the longing Born voices for the "old ideal" of professional purity betrays precisely the misconception of science which has done most to make scientists unfit to deal with the crisis to which history has brought them. If they have yielded to the corruptions of power and prosperity with all the naïveté of children, it is largely because they have drifted so far from their own tradition and from the essential character of scientific thought. They are the victims of their own unexamined folklore.

That folklore stems from the familiar dichotomy between pure and applied science. Now there is no question that such a distinction can have a certain analytical value. It can even be drawn with a fine academic irrelevance when the applied scientist is really a theoretical scientist wearing another hat—that of industrial consultant (as in the case of Einstein serving with the Navy Department). In the years since Hiroshima, however, many dissenting scientists have rejected the moral comfort this division of intellectual labor is intended to provide. They have become too keenly aware of the sociological reality in which they work, recognizing that industrial society has long since merged theory and practice into one indivisible, institutional pattern called Research and Development. Today there is no science so pure that it is not closely monitored by technicians whose knowledge of theory has become superbly sophisticated. In the age of Big Science, nothing slips into the professional journals without being expertly scrutinized for its market or military value.

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Furthermore, both official and private institutions have come to see that financing pure research (even if much of it never gets exploited) is the most efficient way of cultivating and keeping tabs on brain power for future uses, if not of binding it contractually to the service of those sources which alone can meet the needs of capital-intensive research. The military in particular have learned that lesson. During World War II, they found that by far the most useful technicians were actually theoretical physicists. They possessed "intellectual mobility," as I. I. Rabi put it, and could apply their flexible talents to an astonishing variety of projects. This was why, at the end of the war, the Office of Naval Research eagerly stepped in to subsidize so much basic research, indeed to pioneer the role that would later be played by the National Science Foundation. To this day the military speaks of the policy as "colonizing the civilian research sector."

Now that Research and Development has married basic and applied science indissolubly, many scientists who candidly acknowledge the sociology of their profession, find it increasingly difficult to avoid political commitment. Knowing how the society exploits their brains and metabolizes their discoveries into military and industrial equipment, they have no choice but to judge the society and its leadership. And if they conclude that the society cannot be trusted with their work, then they must withhold it. This was the position argued by James Shapiro and his colleagues at Harvard in 1969 following their isolation of the first "naked gene." (Shapiro was soon afterward to resign his career in biology.)

> In and of itself our work is morally neutral; it can lead either to benefits or dangers to mankind. But we are working in the United States in the year 1969. The basic control over scientific work and its further development is in the hands of a few people at the top of government bureaucracies. These people have consistently exploited science for harmful purposes in order to increase their own power. . . . What we are advocating is that scientists, together with other people, should actively work for radical political change in this country. . . . If our arguments mean that the progress of science itself may be interrupted, that is an unfortunate consequence we will have to accept. (*From a letter to* Nature, *December 27, 1969, signed by Shapiro, L. Eron and J. Beckwith.*)

As a statement of social ethics, I find this line of thought unassailable. And yet there is an important respect in which even this principled position lacks philosophical depth. It fails to see that the link between science and ethical responsibility is more than sociological. The connection is intimate and pervasive; it is at the root of the scientific sensibility.

Shapiro's argument clings to the belief that research is tied to value only by way of its applications or its social context: Born's "old ideal" again. "In and of itself," research is "morally neutral." How so? Because it is impersonal, involving no exercise of the self that must adjudicate between values. Inside their own heads and isolated from social repercussions, scientists are part of a nonnormative, purely rational relationship with natural phenomena which simply reflects things as they are or as they might most accurately be construed in the form of a model. In the words of the Nobel laureate, E. B. Chain, "science, as long as it limits itself to the descriptive study of the laws of nature, has no moral or ethical quality." From this sense of scientific experience, it easily follows that scientists *as scientists* are wholly separate from scientists as citizens, husbands, wives, friends, ordinary human beings. Their research is not felt to be an act of the whole person, but of a selected portion of the self which has been trained in certain objectified methods of perception and intellection.

This, I think, is the schizoid way in which most scientists still experience their own professional activity. It is certainly the way they tend to present themselves formally to their colleagues and to the world. Hence, the flat, nonidiosyncratic, self-effacing style of official "scientese" in papers and journals. But in fact this sense of their experience is a serious psychological distortion. It is a form of false consciousness, because it has lost its true personal resonance. As a result, it has created a discontinuity between the professional-epistemological and the social-evaluative aspects of science.

This is where Ravetz's analysis is extremely helpful. He refuses to bifurcate science, insisting instead that there is a submerged continuum that unites the professional and the social. To uncover that continuum, he begins by likening scientific inquiry to a craft activity which works with "artificial, intellectually constructed objects." Science is "in principle based on controlled experience and rigorous argument; but the methods governing the inquiry itself are a particularly subtle craft knowledge, different in nature from scientific knowledge." Here Ravetz is following closely the ideas of Michael Polanyi (with overtones borrowed from Thomas Kuhn and John Ziman). With Polanyi, Ravetz emphasizes the many informal, judgmental activities that tacitly accompany all scientific research, requiring a constant, if normally subliminal exercise of taste, intuitive discretion, unspecifiable discrimination. While none of this is specifically ethical judgment, it is an activity of the same faculties upon which ethical decision draws. The craft conception of science thus expands our understanding of scientific thought by making it inescapably a *personal* inquiry, even at its furthest remove from human affairs. There is, as Polanyi has so well argued, a "tacit coefficient" from which science cannot be detached without pulling to pieces its subtle tissue structure of craft judgment and "passionate participation."

That is why the innumerable efforts that have been made to formalize the "scientific method" have been so ludicrously unrealistic. Science cannot be learned abstractly, from books alone, but only by practicing it under the guidance of experienced masters, each of whom knows more than he can say. They are in the position of the all-American

TOUCHSTONE

You want the mirror to lock.
You want the stream to stay
as it seemed to, clambering down over rocks, spray
netting prickly bushes crouching by.

You stretch out thought.
That thought, that time claiming
dominion, views develop, horses
whinny, rain spreads out its wares.

All of it happening
as easily as pebbles, jewels,
wrapt in a handkerchief, jewels
arrayed in an open palm.

Soft traffic going on,
metropolis
as in a woman's love-
fixed eye.

It may be over,
but you gather it like berries.

Are they eyes will not unlock,
light beamed
from a star died
worlds ago?

No one has fished
better in this stream, caught
under spray a glass may be induced
to spit
the bottom treasures,
cutting rocks,
greedy, jutting teeth.

Else why does it, seeing no one,
begin to weep, to bleed?

Theodore Weiss

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mother who, when asked how she baked such good apple pies, answered, "First I wash my hands; then I put on a clean apron; then I go into the kitchen and bake a good apple pie."

Moreover, because the raw material of this craft is artificial and mind-forged, it cannot help but be imbued with philosophical assumptions, first principles which cannot themselves be the results of scientific inquiry but only of personal decision. In Polanyi's phrase, these principles exist only within a "fiduciary framework." They include assumptions such as that natural phenomena are devoid of final causes, that efficient causes and measurements are more important than meanings, and (above all) that valid knowledge is knowledge that "works"—meaning knowledge that gives the ability to predict or manipulate with quantifiable precision, even if such manipulation is limited to purely experimental situations.

It is this latter assumption that does most to cut the ground from under the folklore of pure science. It means that the touchstone of truth in science, even in the least applicable basic research, is operational. Science is the apotheosis of practicality, as much in the laboratory as in the factory. This is the crucial sense in which science fulfills the Baconian dictum that knowledge is power. Not because *all* knowledge yields power; there have been those, for example, for whom knowledge has been the *gnosis* of contemplative communion with the divine. But science is single-mindedly the search for that knowledge which *is* power, if only the power to anticipate a pointer reading successfully. Science assumes no responsibility for exploring any larger conception of knowledge; in fact the scientific tradition has done much to denigrate any alternative to itself. In repressing its own personal elements, it has helped degrade those sensibilities from which wisdom and ethical discrimination grow. Again to quote Max Born:

> The scientific attitude is apt to create doubt and skepticism toward traditional, unscientific knowledge and even toward natural, unsophisticated actions on which human society depends. Nobody has yet devised a means of keeping society together without traditional ethical principles or of deducing them by the rational methods used in science.

The personal and philosophical substructure of scientific thought is not built up in the neophyte scientist overtly. True, there is a sizable body of positivist philosophy whose purpose is to sanction the scientific world view by dismissing alternative modes of experience as "meaningless," "nonsensical," "irrational." But it is notorious how meagerly practicing scientists requite the adoration of their philosophical suitors. Few scientists ever learn their philosophy consciously. Rather they absorb it unwittingly from the design of curricula and textbooks. Or they find it baked into standard laboratory procedures and instruments (Ravetz is very good on this aspect of scientific "tools") or conveyed by the tone of professional journals. Above all, it rubs off on them from senior scientists who simply know what to approve and what to reject, what to encourage and what to ridicule in their students, and who wield the authority of a profession which can quickly weed out eccentrics. Here, at last, is where the "objectivity" of science is rooted: in the tightly knit consensus of the profession which effectively enforces its paradigms of research, its style of awareness, its metaphysical commitments—but does so unselfconsciously.

Thus, the product of a successful scientific education will be a student who has so deeply internalized the world view of science and the craft standards of his field that he will never be consciously aware of the judgments and evaluations he is making at every moment. While his thinking will be permeated by personal choice, he will not consciously experience it as such. The whole efficiency of science as a research

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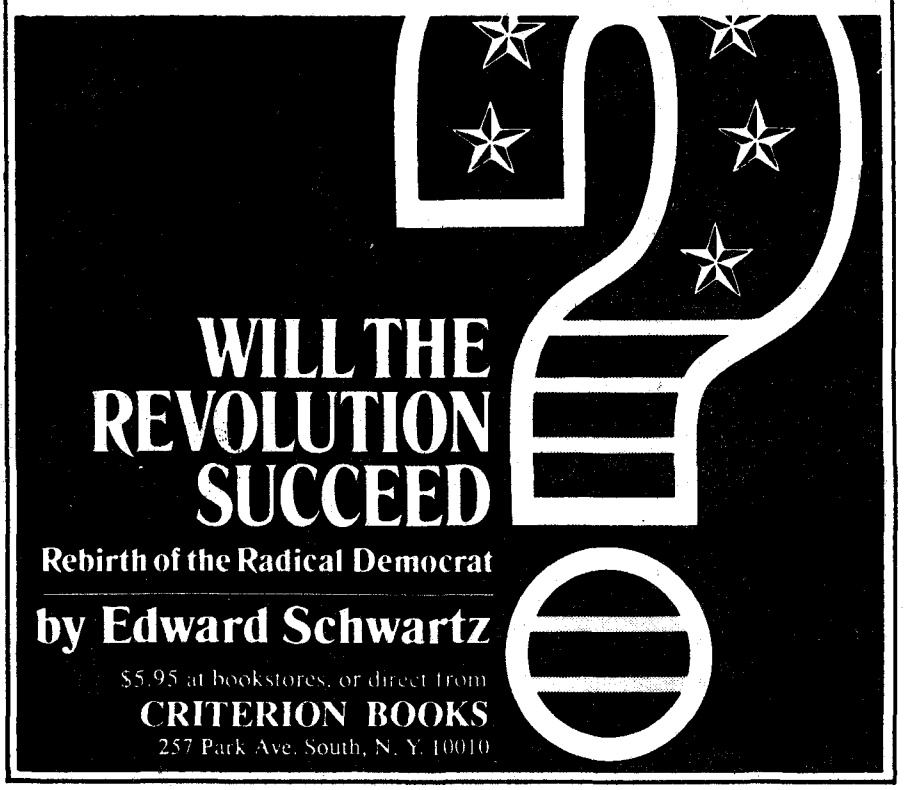
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machinery is based on the achievement of such a depersonalized sensibility, a quality of mind which—as a matter of professional respectability—can turn a blind eye to the philosophical foundations of thought, and which can therefore regard knowledge as something separate from wisdom. After all, think how difficult it might be for scientists to get beyond square one in their research if their education began with an unprejudiced discussion of Plato's Allegory of the Cave, or the Buddha's Diamond Sutra. Science, it has been said, progresses by sins of omission. Another way to put it might be that science advances over the dead body of philosophy—but only after having picked its pockets.

But the fact that individual scientists may be unaware of how personal their knowledge is ought not to obscure the fact that the profession as a whole over the course of its history has immersed itself in a very definite (and very odd) world view whose ethical and metaphysical commitments are as essentially nonrational, as much a matter of existential decision, as the philosophical choices by which any human beings have ever lived. Scientists are scientists with the whole of their personalities; but (and this is the critical point) they screen out most of that whole in the name of objectivity.

Curiously enough, many scientists of Newton's day and the century following were more aware of the ethical overtones of their thought. Through its first four generations or so, the "New Philosophy"—while firmly attached to an epistemology of supposedly perfect objectivity—openly embraced utility as its goal (this was, proudly, the major point of Newton's preface to the *Principia*) and gloried to be associated with the social values of the Enlightenment. Science was the life of Reason with a capital R, and Reason, as the enemy of humbug, unnatural privilege and all forms of human degradation, guaranteed progress, freedom, humane social relations, the dignity of man, the increase of piety and all good things. There are people who still occasionally fly this old banner above science, but few thoughtful persons any longer believe that the human decency of a society can be gauged by the number of enzyme reactions its biologists have analyzed or the amount of particles its physicists have added to the nuclear inventory. The scientific productivity of totalitarian and criminally benighted societies has proved too great to support such facile optimism—which is the point Shapiro and his colleagues made in the statement quoted earlier.

In reality, the ideology of pure science is of very recent vintage. Born's "old ideal" only dates back to the German universities of the mid-19th century, where the sciences first began to establish themselves as academic disciplines. Ethical neutrality and social detachment were the essential spirit of the German academies whose work in science was becoming a much imitated wonder of the day. Moreover, much research of the time *had* to be celebrated for its "purity" since the technology of the period could not yet exploit its full potentialities. As an ideal, scientific knowledge for its own sake was primarily a reflection of the still immature state of industrialism and the lack of theoretical sophistication on the part of most technicians.

All this was soon to change as basic research in chemistry and electrical energy began to flow torrentially into industrial development and military technics at the turn of the century. But meanwhile, as Ravetz remarks, "by the entirely natural processes of the formation of a folk-history, the tradition of the purity of science was extended back in time to the origins of modern science and across to all fields of scientific inquiry." Ravetz properly insists that there is no way for scientists "to eliminate the elements of craft experience and personal wisdom" implicit in their work. But what they have done is to repress their awareness of how personality shapes mentality—and in this bad psychic habit there lies a lethal sanction for the alienated style and the moral vacuousness from which our civilization is dying. The scientist's act of knowing, as Charles Gillispie has commented, is "an act of alienation"—and more of that is not what the times require. As it is, the scientific universe in which we reside is a theatre of the absurd enlarged to cosmic dimensions.

For Ravetz, the only chance science has for dignity and vitality (and like many students of the field he is far from sanguine that science will survive except as the court wizardry of the technocratic state) depends on the excavation of its long-buried personal and evaluative elements. He calls his alternative "critical science," implying an independent community of politically engaged scientists whose style is unapologetically that of the Enlightenment: "a small minority that uses reason, argument, and a mixture of political tactics to arouse a public concern on matters of human welfare." And of course we see this happening already as more and more scientific dissenters cast off their "purity" to place their brains at the service of public need and political controversy—and their careers at hazard. The Scientists' Institute for Public Information, the Committee for Environmental Information, the Science Action Coordinating Committee, the Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action, the SURVIVAL group, and the many ecology organizations are the seeds of a new and nobler professional standard. Of course, the scientific establishment still frowns on such endeavors, insisting that they have nothing to do with *real* science, meaning research for its own sake. Professional folklore dies hard.

Doubtless Ravetz's proposal would restore the moral stature of the scientific tradition. But that alone may not guarantee the future of science. For what if the appeal of science as a style of experience is on the wane—as I believe it is? What if, besides suffering corruption, science no longer seems to be true . . . or at least not true *enough* to enough thoughtful people precisely because its truth is so narrowly based in the personality? The question is worth raising because it comes to the surface at several points in Ravetz's own thinking.

Neither for Polanyi nor for Ravetz does the personal element in science imply that scientific knowledge is purely arbitrary. Neither works to a relativistic conclusion. Rather, Ravetz calls it a "paradox" that "objective, impersonal knowledge" can arise from "the subjective, intensely personal activity of creative scientific inquiry"—and a major part of his book is devoted to unscrambling that paradox. But I am not sure that he feels entirely secure about the conclusion he reaches, for around the margins of his thinking there appear amorphous little doubts about the adequacy of our science even as a valid natural philosophy. He remarks, for example, that science can only endure "as long as the framework of reality" surrounding it. To qualify as knowledge, he says, experience must be "coherent with the world-picture of the culture to which it is offered." He speaks of the "limits of scientific knowledge" and suggests the possibility of "other sorts of knowing," mentioning especially the mystical insight of the alchemists and Taoist sages, and Plato's transcendent illumination. Obviously, to open oneself to these possibilities is to jeopardize the scientist's claim to definitive knowledge.

These are interesting doubts to find in someone so well versed in science. I sense that, pressed a bit further, they would take Ravetz along the trail Abraham Maslow blazed in his much neglected *Psychology of Science*, a study of the alternatives to objectified experience in the study of man and nature. Nor would Ravetz find himself alone in the exploration. I have been impressed over the past few years by the number

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of younger scientists in America and England who are haunted by the same uncertainties his book reflects. Yet the alternative to regarding science as objective and definitive—even as a knowledge of nature—is not to call it arbitrary but to call it narrow. Science, I would suggest, presents us with the reality we apprehend when we organize an alienated mode of experience into a disciplined, collective form of inquiry. That mode of experience, as we have discovered over the past three centuries in the West, happens to provide us prodigiously with the means of short-term manipulation. But its price is high. It costs us the sacrifice of our psychic wholeness, our spiritual growth, our ecological wisdom. It costs us the capacity to see the world as pre-eminently a repository of *meanings*, rather than as a heap of facts. That is why, these days, the hunt is on for new modes of experiencing the self, others and the universe. Any progress we make in reclaiming the personal character of scientific knowledge is apt to flow rapidly into that same unruly quest.

Just as we have styles of art, so we have styles of consciousness. Each illuminates at least some small aspect of that inexhaustible potentiality for awareness we call "reality," but none can outlast the cultural consensus that supports it. Those who feel that the scientific style of consciousness is now losing its influence as the dominant reality maker are, I think, right. It is just as stultifying to go on too long experiencing the world in one narrow way as to go on forever painting pictures in one restricted way. Over the next few generations, science may well disintegrate amid its own self-doubt, subtle corruptions and demoralization—and especially because it fails, on *principle*, to supply the desperate need for meaning and wisdom. But our science is only one of many possible natural philosophies. Beyond it, others beckon. □

Not with a Bang nor a Whimper

ELIOT AND HIS AGE: T. S. Eliot's Moral Imagination in the Twentieth Century. *By Russell Kirk. Random House. 463 pp. $12.50.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. He is currently at work on an analytical study of an aspiring American dynasty and on The Grubs of Academe, *an examination of community colleges in a state educational system.*

In all the welter of boards and processed pulp cluttering the shops in any given year there are pitifully few books; and, of those few, still fewer are informed with love and art in equal measure. Eighteen years in the making, Dr. Kirk's volume, to my knowledge the first such exhaustive examination of Eliot as a social and political eminence, is never unworthy of its subject. That neither Dr. Kirk's nor Mr. Eliot's philosophy is universally acceptable enhances the value of this explication by an eminent American conservative who has the rare gift of infusing life into scholarship. "What Dante was to the fourteenth century, or Shakespeare to the sixteenth," Kirk writes, "Eliot became to the twentieth century." He bolsters his comparison by what Eliot himself had written of those two others who had made "gigantic attempts to metamorphose private failures and disappointments. The great poet, in writing himself, writes his time."

Too often all that is remembered about Eliot is his own description of himself in November 1928, as a classicist in literature, a royalist in politics and an Anglo-Catholic in religion. Too often, also, no effort is made to understand what these things meant: all three of those nouns have become unexamined pejoratives, especially as in most recent years the label has become the voodoo of the intellectual. There is no doubt that Eliot held authority—in art, in politics, in religion—in particular esteem. But that has never warranted either the denigration of him as an artist or the defamation of him as a thinker—as if he had never written and spoken with no equivocation against the totalitarians of all stripes.

Kirk is especially suited to this study because his own development has been not dissimilar to Eliot's despite the thirty years' difference in their ages and the comparable disparities in their social and geographical backgrounds. Kirk, like Eliot, knew at first hand the experience of conversion that will never be comprehensible to those of us for whom it is a temperamental impossibility but who, nevertheless, must accept on faith its validity for others. Kirk, like Eliot, has his ancestral roots in Great Britain; Kirk, again, served a long and unwaveringly enthusiastic apprenticeship in the university and the library—longer in Kirk's case than in Eliot's. Kirk, finally, is by nature a staunch traditionalist. And for some ten years Kirk and Eliot were friends. But, whereas Eliot was a poet, as well as a scholar, Kirk has combined his learning and his much stronger affective character with a kind of political activism on the Right that has often aligned him with forces among which it seems an anomaly to find him. Of these forces Eliot might well have disapproved—and on one occasion did disapprove. He did not think highly of *National Review* and its circle, and told Kirk so in a letter that Kirk quotes.

Those of us who are old enough to remember *The Criterion,* which was Eliot's splendid intellectual forum from the early twenties until the eve of the Second World War, can only be grateful to Kirk for bringing to the attention of new generations the dedication to intellectual inquiry that coexisted vigorously in Eliot with his clearly defined dogmas of classicism and what must be called elitism and mandatory religion. He detested but published D. H. Lawrence. Until 1934 he indulged (after that he fought it) the endemic social anti-Semitism of his time and class in Britain (*vide* Earl Russell, among others on all sides) but he published and befriended Jews. He detested fascism—like Maritain, Eliot opposed Franco—only a hair less than he hated communism, but *The*

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Criterion was open to the advocates of all political doctrines including these. He was, in a word, much more truly liberal than the liberals against whom he unceasingly contended. And it is to be noted that the young poets of the Left in the thirties, who could stomach neither his politics nor his faith, never wavered in their cult before the icon of Eliot as poet and critic.

Kirk's effort in this study is less to add to the dead weight of the "literary criticism" that has so long made the academy a potter's field than to study Eliot as the conscience of his time. It was Eliot's purpose—not that he was vain enough to suppose that he could achieve it—to redeem the time, in Kirk's phrase, from the moral and intellectual decay into which he considered that it had sunk; he was the poet and the philosopher of "the horror, and the boredom, and the glory" of the first half of the 20th century. Kirk notes tersely (and thus tartly) that it was not the leading poets of the Left but this reactionary who stood fast in England during the Second World War "when other literary men found it prudent to cross the Atlantic westward." And he quotes Eliot in that epitome of wisdom that is close perhaps to resignation: ". . . there is no such thing as a Lost Cause because there is no such thing as a Gained Cause. We fight for lost causes because we know that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successors' victory, though that victory itself will be temporary; we fight rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that anything will triumph."

What is reason for dismay is that so few conservatives anywhere have thought to model themselves on Eliot and their causes on his principles. For he was first of all no preserved Bourbon, no sentinel with a flaming sword intent on barring the slightest new thought from the treasury of received ideas, no defender of what is because it is. Eliot was a moralist—a rare enough phenomenon in this century; even more improbably, he was a moralist who lived his beliefs, whose precepts were indistinguishable from his practices. What emerges from Kirk's book above all, however much one may be angered by many of those beliefs and precepts, is a portrait of a man of integrity.

In his aloofness from the mass—which meant to him what it meant to Ortega: all those, wherever placed, however endowed, who settled for less than excellence—and his insistence on the perpetuation of class, Eliot is as uncongenial as Burke or Plato or Augustine or Aquinas to the prevailing body of liberal thought of the past two centuries. Our sentiments are frequently as outraged by his apparent prejudices and exclusions as our intellect is defeated by the ability of his subtle mind to believe in revealed religion. But Eliot knew, too, "that when a man takes politics and social affairs seriously the difference between revolution and reaction may be by the breadth of a hair," as he said in 1932. Two years earlier he had told a friend: " 'Order' and 'Authority' are more dangerous catchwords now than 'Liberty' and 'Reform' were fifty or seventy-five years ago. Order and Authority may point more directly to the yellow press and the crook capitalists than Liberty and Reform pointed to Socialism. I am terrified of the modern concept of 'democracy'. . . . I am as scary of Order as of Disorder."

Eliot was as contemptuous of the convenience culture, the culture of cash and things, as any anarchist of 1972. And Eliot and the anarchist would have found themselves in agreement again in their revulsion at the notion of education as a training in paid servitude and continuous consumption. But Eliot's attitudes in these matters sprang from his allegiance to old and formal traditions, and to institutions that in his view must be perdurable if mankind were to survive above the level of the brute. His work, like his life, was a continuing demonstration of the principle of discipline, private and public, and of submission to a fluid (though basically hereditary) aristocracy in this world and to an eternal, immutable deity in the other world. He clearly distinguished aristocracy from a moneyed oligarchy maintaining itself by the manipulation of masses, and he was convinced of the reality of life eternal. His paradoxical metaphysic of the discovery and salvation of Self was a part of this fundamental adherence to the notion of religion as the foundation of society, of art, of culture, of justice, of right. "If you will not have God (and he is a jealous God)," Eliot wrote in *The Idea of a Christian Society* (1939), "you should pay your respects to Hitler or Stalin." It was Eliot's flaw (as it appears, to a somewhat lesser degree, to be Kirk's) that he could see no third choice.

Kirk examines all Eliot's poetry and his plays from the point of view of the explorer of the development and ramification of Eliot's social, political and religious philosophy: he is never obvious, he is never pedantic, and certainly he is not among what D. E. Jones describes (in *The Plays of T. S. Eliot*) as "the half-educated and the ill-educated, whose sophistication will not allow them to rest content in simplicity of statement; they must always be searching frantically for hidden meanings." Some among us are occasionally wise enough at least to be reasonably certain when a sentence means precisely what it purports to mean. One especial advantage of this book for most readers interested in Eliot will lie in its careful, rewarding expositions of Eliot's important prose, notably *The Idea of a Christian Society* and *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*.

Eliot and His Age is splendidly documented and efficiently indexed; it is, moreover, remarkably free of the slovenliness of editing and proofreading that one has begun to regard as trade custom.

TABLEAUX FOR M. DAGUERRE

Just off bus forty-eight at St. Germain,
I wander down the Quai de la Tournelle
to bookstalls, like a water-color, backed
by Notre Dame. But in some detour of
the mind's sly ways, I fish for fin-de-siècle
photographs among the sludge of books and
magazines. Now here's a wedding party
at Palais Royal. Rigid and smirking
at the camera, these were the loved ones?
Each is trapped inside a murky set-up
of togetherness. All wished away their
time, set no alarm to clock a picnic
in the Bois, or First Communion's transient
innocence. Though orphaned to strange eyes, I
read this photo like a novelist. A
brother and sister of the Pharaohs,
illicit lovers on the Côte d'Azur?
The offbeat adds a fillip to affairs.
Taboo? But certainly at Père Lachaise
outcast *defines no distance underground.*

Byron Vazakas

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These technical virtues may combine with the sincerity of its author and the seductiveness of his style to tempt the holders of a very different set of received ideas to question some of them—or, indeed, when the subject is, say, what education ought to be, to chuck out 90 per cent of them. In spite of this high peril, Kirk's volume is indispensable to a full understanding of Eliot, and it may be guaranteed to send one back with exceeding eagerness to the texts. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

At LaMama (Ellen Stewart's) quarters on East 4th Street where many interesting productions may be seen, I recently attended one of the most craftsmanlike of them: a production of Euripides' *Medea* (with bits of Seneca for stuffing), acted in Greek with additional choral material in Latin.

The play was directed by Andrei Serban, a young Romanian of unmistakable talent. In 1969 I saw his production of Brecht's *The Good Woman of Setzuan* in Bucharest, and in 1970 at the LaMama playhouse he staged brief versions of Jarry's *King Ubu* and, more strikingly, the anonymous Elizabethan play *Arden of Faversham*. He has been of late associated with Peter Brook's "Orghast" theatre recitals.

"Orghast" is the name for an invented speech intended to convey emotional impulses without literal meaning, a "nonfigurative" language. Serban's *Medea* is inspired by an analogous *esthétique*. Since very few Americans are acquainted with ancient Greek or Latin, the words of the text become vocables which carry only dramatic intention and feeling. The original play is cut to a bare outline, but since the Medea myth is familiar, there is no difficulty in following this version of the story.

The event is enacted in a kind of oblong crypt in the theatre's basement, with room for less than a hundred spectators. They sit on wooden benches along the side walls; the action is performed on the floor of the intervening area and on two platforms on the far ends of the space. Members of the chorus take their places at various spots among the viewers. The chorus hold white masks and at certain moments cover their faces with them. Special sound is provided by percussion instruments or lightly struck bells, their players discreetly situated in one corner of the room.

The acting is much more intensely climactic than solemn—which I believe to be appropriate—the words so clearly articulated that if we knew the language we would surely understand every one of them. They are spoken with a vehemence that makes them acutely expressive by elongation into sighs, sobs, whisperings, hisses, roars producing arcane messages too deep for normal communication. All this to my mind is also consonant with classic drama.

There is little wide-ranging movement (for one thing, the playing area will not permit it), but I did not feel the lack. The comparative spareness of physical activity contributes to the hieratic nature of the performance. There are several vivid images: Medea in chains, the chains being struck from her by fire; Medea crying her final imprecations, head down through the ceiling, as if she had burst through the floor of a dungeon.

The acting and direction are thoroughly disciplined in contained power. The work, as always with Serban, is exactly calculated and his actors, admirably devoted to his schema, deserve high praise. This *Medea* is far removed from *avant-garde* dilettantism. It approaches some of Artaud's prescriptions for a "theatre of cruelty." I much prefer this *Medea* to the one produced successfully on Broadway in 1947.

Despite all this, I could not escape the impression that the "ritual" I was witnessing was more an experiment than a play. New "words," fascinating metaphors, were being added to the theatre's vocabulary—and I applaud. Yet an essential is lacking: an organic drive to enunciate something deeply felt, and necessary to players and public, apart from technique. That is the core of the problem posed by the "new theatre." It is in quest of fresh forms—original methods (though most of these hark back to ancient or primitive models)—but what is rarely present is a matrix of experience in the life of the people to whom such performances are addressed. The Greek theatre, the Japanese Noh, the Kabuki, the Hindu and Balinese theatres, the *commedia dell'arte* were not "experiments"—they were rooted in the ethos (history, religion, mores, social consciousness, philosophy, way of life) of the people for whom they were fashioned and from whom they emerged.

I do not wish this comment to be taken as a blanket criticism of all "new theatre." Grotowski's productions are part of a historical European context: the occupation and the concentration camp trauma. That is what makes them moving. Brecht's theatre in Berlin developed from social tendencies in pre- and post-

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war Germany. All such theatrical manifestations are artistically valid because their origins lie in matter more profound than the "Art of the Theatre." They represent more than skill and the search for "new forms."

Our hunger for novelty in the theatre is at once an attempt to escape the commonplaces of conventional naturalism and a "waiting for Godot," a yearning for a revitalized consciousness, a soul-satisfying response to the intellectual, moral, social, political muddle and petrification of the day. I sympathize and welcome the motives involved, but it should be evident that for the most part we are still *waiting*. We ought not allow ourselves to be fobbed off with cultivated stunts—occasionally very smart and stimulating. They are still only sophisticated "entertainment."

Ed Bullins' *The Duplex* is the best thing that has been done at the Forum Theatre of the Lincoln Center Theatre. He calls it "A Black Love Fable in Four Movements." The plot, set in a town in southern California, centers on a love affair between a black college student, Steve Benson, and his landlady, Velma Best, a married woman (also black) whose ogre husband, the father of their three children, sleeps with other women, takes most of her money and comes back to their apartment in a drunken rage to make love to her with rapelike ferocity.

But though the plot provides structure for the play, it does not constitute its essence. What is important is *the environment*: the "symbolic" duplex apartment in which Steve Benson and Velma Best live, surrounded by various other tenants —black neighbors, friends and guests. Though all these people are drawn with remarkable verve and insight, it is the collective total of their lives that counts in the end.

Crazy dark laughter envelops all the proceedings, but the meaning is frightful. It is not simply a matter of revealing the horrid messiness typical of most ghettos, whatever the color of their inhabitants; there is something more damaging beyond the specifics of promiscuous fornication, smoking of pot, gambling, drunkenness, outbursts of physical brutality, irresponsibility and wrecked lives. What is really being exposed is our civilization.

Bullins flatters no one and directly accuses no one. He offers hardly any preachment or "propaganda." His method is largely realistic. Along with the mindlessness and savagery, he also dramatizes, with no special emphasis, the strange loyalty that exists among these people—a loyalty of the flesh, a closeness or consanguinity even in the midst of anger, sexual treachery, violent reprisal. No one is consistent, no steady pattern of behavior is traced. Paradox is constant in sentiment, speech and action.

Velma loves Steve but watches him being nearly strangled to death by her despised husband as if she were an interested bystander at a street brawl. Despite being victimized and deeply resentful of his cruelty and deception, she is beaten by her husband into the submission of the sexual act. Steve turns in tortured indecision to intercourse with an older woman in his room. One laughing fool, who tolerates his wife's constant infidelity, threatens to kill a friend (because he is a friend) when he suggests that he too might like to take advantage of the woman's laxity. The same giggling clown (nicknamed "Hanky-Panky") displays courage in fighting off a would-be knifing of Steve, while Steve's good-natured and by no means stupid roommate Marco, who boasts that he is better looking than Steve (probably because of his own lighter color), dashes madly away when bone-crushing trouble is imminent.

There is tenderness too in the scene when Steve confesses that, if he had his choice in life, he'd want to be a *reader*. "I've always secretly planned how if I went to jail for a long time and if they had a good library, like some of the bigger places in San Quentin . . . that I'd have lots of time to read." (What unconscious pathos in seeing imprisonment as an opportunity for study.) The play begins and ends with Steve and his friends card playing, drinking and joking to while away the vacant hours.

What makes *The Duplex* so telling is that, apart from their native humanity, all its characters are fundamentally abandoned people. What ails them is not due solely to white indifference, incomprehension or hostility but to a deprivation in the soil of sound values, which are not supplied by America because it has not for a long time actually possessed them. None of us "on top" is capable of proffering such nourishment to sustain those "below" because we are ourselves bereft of it. Our civilization is gigantesque and arid, proliferating gadgets but dismayingly empty of spiritual substance or moral fiber. These essential qualities have never become constants and concretely real in the fabric of everyday practice. The black American, as Steve in eloquent confusion cries out in Bullins' play, suffers because his inadequate environment (I do not mean the ghetto but all of America) has little to offer him, since it is itself desperate.

The audience laughs; I do not say it is wrong. The blacks laugh loudest and longest, perhaps from the shock of recognition, a kind of pleasure in the fact that someone is speaking for them in their own tongue. But there is also, I suspect, a certain callousness among us now in regard to the ubiquitous foulness and tragedy of our situation.

The production as a whole works. I was troubled by the setting: the proportions in the interrelation of playing areas do not seem right; the effect is neither specifically nor abstractly significant. But the stage space of the Forum is not easy to manage for such a play. Though the actors at moments seem to be "presenting" their parts, rather than living them, the blemish is overcome through their authenticity, their genuine connection with the play's material.

Mary Alice embodies a touching Velma, playing her bewildered sorrow with truthfulness and warmth; Clarice Taylor is killingly funny as a drunken old crone. Albert Hall is entirely convincing as the forever convulsed Tootsie (Hanky-Panky) Franklin; Carl Mikal Franklin has high theatrical visibility as well as credibility as Steve's roommate Marco. Phylicia Ayers-Allen is pretty and modestly believable as an unmarried neighbor, Sister Sukie. And Les Roberts brings intelligence and sincerity to the role of Steve Benson. Gilbert Moses has cast the play well and has handled it with sympathy and knowledge. ❑

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The master classes that Maria Callas has been conducting this year at the Juilliard School offer ample material for contemplation in the area of musical performance—as much for what remains unspoken as for the explicit instruction and stimulation that Miss Callas offers the students. To this listener, the comparison between a student's presentation, however skilled, and the Callas model, however vocally flawed, almost invariably constitutes a textbook demonstration of the role of rhythm in musical performance.

Indeed, the lesson could be equally well stated in terms of instrumental music, for it applies with similar force even when disentangled from the complexities of dramatic declamation (although in much of the best vocal writing, obviously, the musical setting will be found to coincide rhythmically with the demands of good declamation). But a plausible "reading" of a musical phrase —the placement of dynamic and agogic accents, pauses, rubato, dynamics and tempo—is subject to the same degree of syntactical, metrical and articulative discipline as the delivery of a line of poetry.

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Consider some possibilities in Shakespeare's line, "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," trying out different primary accents, and you will see the possibilities—and that some of them are ruled out by sense, common and otherwise. ("My mistress' *eyes* . . ."—as distinct from her ears, perhaps? Obviously not. And ". . . are nothing like the *sun*," suggesting that they are perhaps more like the moon, clearly contradicts the long-range sense of the poem, an argument against any and all such "false compare.") Nor is the literal meter necessarily a guide: indeed, a strong case can be made in favor of placing the primary accent on the very first word, normally a weak beat.

The process involved in making decisions about musical rhythm is not essentially different, although the factors to be considered may be more complex and, to a degree, more restrictive. With Miss Callas, as with many other performers of great skill, this would seem to be an operation based more on instinct than on intellect—at any rate, she doesn't talk much about rhythm (aside from a praiseworthy insistence on accurate reading of the notation), all the while giving the most compelling demonstrations of its significance.

Most striking is her treatment of *secco* recitative, the aspect of the Italian operatic literature that is most uncommittedly notated, usually in even note values with a minimum of dynamic indication or tempo gradation, and accompanied with occasional chords rather than a metrically explicit background. Yet the best of such writing shows a constantly shifting harmonic direction (and, at a higher level, constantly varying rates of shift), and the singer's awareness of points of arrival, departure and transit, put into practice through the use of accent, tempo variation and phrase articulation, can galvanize such material into shape and, therefore, significance. Every Callas recording is full of examples, in passages that otherwise can—and all too often do—sound like filler.

To point out that such material, as "read" by Callas, would make musical sense even if sung to nonsense syllables, is by no means to denigrate the dramatic and textual values that she quite obviously regards as the primary subject matter for discussion in these classes, especially the possibilities of tonal coloration. But these are possibilities governed to some extent by the range and capabilities of the individual voice, while the rhythmic aspect is universal, and—as suggested earlier—equally significant for the instrumental performer.

However, the possibilities of color—and of heightened contrast, what Callas refers to as "chiaroscuro"—are certainly not to be ignored by the instrumentalist, as was impressively demonstrated in a recent recital by pianist Alfred Brendel (Hunter College, March 5). Particularly striking was Brendel's reading of the Schubert B-flat major Sonata, in which the textural contrasts were made more explicit than ever before in my experience, imparting to the performance a high degree of fantasy without ever undercutting the unity of tempo that is essential to maintaining continuity and impetus over its considerable length. A similar virtuosity made Brendel's performance of excerpts from the *Harmonies poétiques et religieuses* and three *Hungarian Rhapsodies* among the most absorbing experiences of this "Liszt year." If technique and virtuosity were merely matters of playing fast and accurately, Brendel would already be a virtuoso; fortunately, he demonstrates that those terms can mean much more, so that the virtues of his Schubert playing cast fresh light on Liszt, and his command of Liszt implies interpretive resources for Schubert that tangibly enrich his playing. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

The exhibition of "13 Women Artists" at 117-119 Prince Street (until March 31) is important artistically and socially. It is neither a theme show nor a miscellany but a set of compatible works with just the right proportion of likes and unlikes. No single formal means unites the artists, but certain assumptions persist and echo throughout the show. There is, for instance, a marked concern with synonymity of form among the painters, which shows in the use of grids and fields, forms of organization stressing likeness and equivalence rather than contrast and intricacy.

Among the painters using grids and repetitive forms, Loretta Dunkelman combines modules with subtle color gradations that seem to corrode the stability of the grid but without destroying it. A form of nondestructive testing. Ann Marshall's one-color paintings contain numerous horizontal strips animated by sharp gaps scattered along them (the gray painting seemed better than the black because the on-off jump is less abrupt). Of Patsy Norvell's pieces I liked especially a floor-to-ceiling vertebrae-pilaster, made by adhering powdered charcoal in regular areas to transparent tapes stuck on the wall. A perishable but repeatable image of great beauty. In Paula Tavins' work equal rows of small canvas bags, colored by drifting patches of vivid hue, propose crumbling order or an emerging system. The legibility of the grid contrasts with the unpredictable distribution of color, especially in the large painting.

Among the painters using fields, Helene Hui's dominant planes of color are opposed by interventions of contrasting color at corner or edge; Kazubo's pictorial forms are varied but ultimately dissolve into a dark, cloudy atmospheric unity; Joyce Robins paints small, bright, distinct chips of color, but in such density that the bits are seen as one surface; and Judy Waterman keeps her big handsome paintings compact by staying within a narrow range of black and gray. Pat Lasch's *tondi* combine raw canvas or stained color with regular patterns of sewn thread in the outer rings of the circle, so that the threads act either as directional drawing (between center and perimeter) or as surface (viewed in adjacent sequence). These artists' all-over surfaces, each conceived separately, have in common the fact that they constitute a holistic rather than a divided picture space.

In the back of the big gallery is a smaller room of three-dimensional objects. Alice Adams' work is related to the structural part of architecture, the supports under the plaster, behind the closed surface that we see; her construction of

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"exposed" laths looks as if she were mining the room. Mary Miss has a large cardboard piece, cut with a regular pattern, hanging at an angle across the room, parallel to none of the walls. On the floor, one of Audrey Hemenway's nature pieces, which simulate a range of nature from wilderness to Zen corner, completes what is one of the best conjunctions of work by different artists I have seen for a long time. A sense of space is generated that is entirely different from that given by the mixture of paintings and three-dimensional objects in the larger gallery. Different as they are, the three artists are linked by the fact that their work seems site-based, that is to say, made at the location they occupy rather than invented at the studio to be set down as autonomous objects in subsequent places.

The artists are all members of the Women's Ad Hoc Committee, but the show itself was not a committee project. It began with a decision by two of the artists to approach a few more; then this first bunch looked for and invited the others. Hence the exceptional congruence, without program, of the works in the exhibition; initiated by the artists, it is unified by basic common interests. The group's intention was not to found a cooperative gallery but to present a single exhibition, though obviously it has a potential for future extension. (No reviews had appeared by the time of my deadline, but attendance and word of mouth comment were excellent.) The premises cost $650 for the month, the rent being divided among the exhibitors who also staffed the gallery.

In the 1950s there were a number of downtown artists' cooperatives, formed because of the bottleneck created by inadequate commercial galleries (*The Nation*, January 3). The problem now is not only that certain artists are underexhibited, or not seen at all, but that certain types of artists, with strong ties of loyalty, are neglected. It seems probable that there will be a revival of cooperative galleries and exhibitions, but this time based on an interaction of artistic and political causes. (One group of about twenty women artists is starting a cooperative gallery in Wooster Street next fall.) The present self-awareness of women artists, combined with their comparative neglect by dealers and museum staff, makes a move in this direction entirely logical. About *comparative* neglect: the situation is better than it used to be in New York and better than anywhere in Europe, where the inequality of male and female artists is barely recognized; but these differences are no reason for relaxing. On the contrary, small improvements are a signal that it is time to push harder.

There is an unsettled argument about the position of women as artists and women as women artists. Is there an inherent character that unites all women artists and separates them from male ones? Some militants believe that women's art is properly realistic; others that it is physically conditioned. According to the latter theory, women's art is uniquely concentric in format, a translation into visual form of the sexual and biological structure of the body. Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings and Lee Bontecou's sculptures conform to this notion, but occasional correspondences like that are not evidence. The theory seems of the same kind as the Jungian interpretations of Henry Moore's sculpture as maternal monsters; that is to say, vivid but unverified. On the other hand, I can see sound ideological reasons for both positions. At a time when realists are more militant, a formula that equates realism with women might be in the interests of both sides. Although I doubt the necessary and involuntary presence of concentricity in women's art, there is no doubt of its efficacy as a source of legible iconography. As such, it becomes part of the meaning of art, not as a mysterious imperative but as something used with full knowledge of its symbolic function.

In "13 Women Artists" I cannot say that I was aware of any special feminine characteristics. Not every aspect of human experience, including the experience of sexual differences, gets into art, though it may deeply influence the lives of artists. The fact that these artists put this show on *as women* proves the strength of their commitment, but their social experience does not necessarily determine the content of their art. Their command of the operations and aesthetics of abstract painting and of site-based sculpture are equally valid sources of value.

The one case in which sexuality is explicit is in the sculpture of Louise Bourgeois. She has referred to her work as being "in the abstract-erotic vein" and this has taken at least two forms. First was a phase characterized by intricately tattered apertures and voids, a kind of visceral debris; secondly, when the artist turned to carving, she changed to phallic imagery of majestic proportions. In the present show she has combined the picturesque surfaces of the first with the image of the second phase to produce a big, suspended, decaying phallus, definitely on the rough side. She has aligned herself with those women artists who paint males as sex objects, reversing the traditional procedure, and in particular with those who depict aroused rather than classically quiescent genitals. Sex used like this is still iconography, however, not instinct. □

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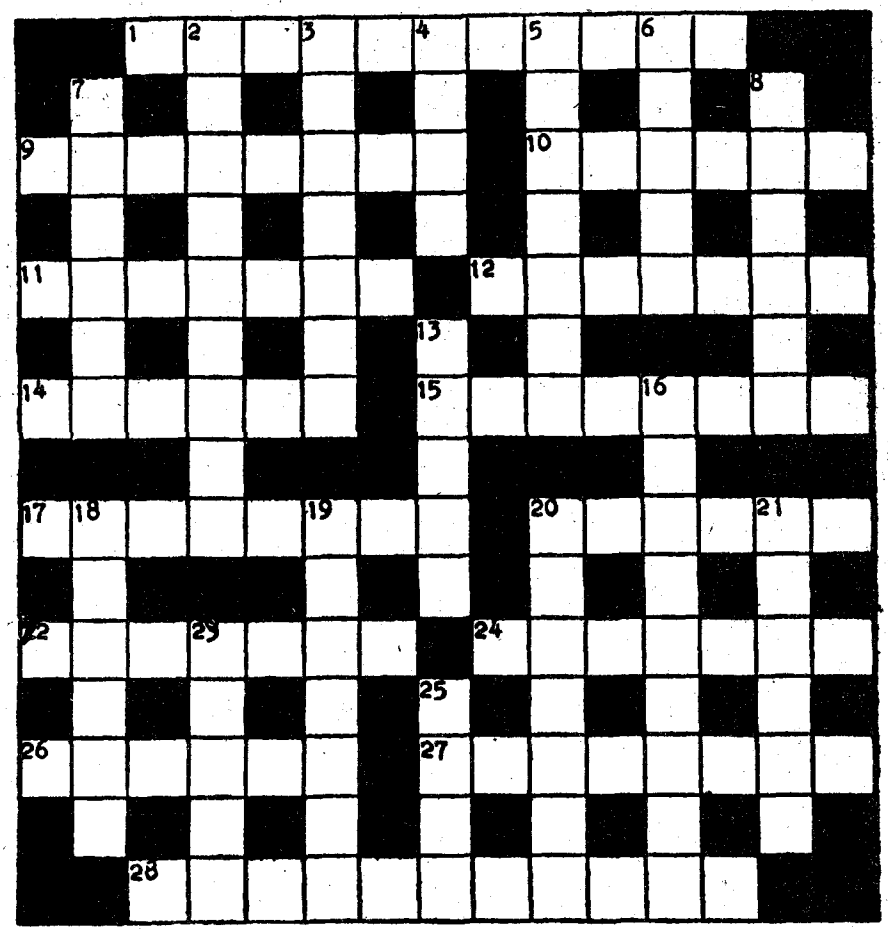
Crossword Puzzle No. 1435

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A German psychiatrist somewhat suggests that skill is declining. (6-5)
9 Can't fly, as a boat may be by accident. (8)
10 Fingers and toes are put together by metal, in a way. (6)
11 Set free. (7)
12 Some birds, to a point, are of various kinds. (7)
14 With reshuffling, it shows what a farmer might do. (6)
15 Roaming's a bad thing for a body! (8)
17 The gauntlet might be blue, perhaps. (8)
20 One of the Little Women, grown up, evidently married more than once. (6)
22 See 28 across
24 Both 4 and 25 are reputedly not for man, though they might serve. (7)
26 The unusual traits of a painter, perhaps. (6)
27 What comes first is a solid second, though one might call for a new pitcher with it. (3,5)
28 and 22 across Evidently the climate for Quakers is suitable for exposition, but you can't depend on them. (4-7,7)

DOWN

2 "When" might be, in a sense, crude. (5-4)
3 One of those fleetingly popular foods, for the fleetingly popular. (7)
4 In some usages, 25 as a change of diet. (4)
5 Alternatively, one might abdicate if they do financial business. (7)
6 Bang one in the proboscis? (5)
7 and 13 The opening of the ditch? (To churn them, in a way, could be painful.) (6,5)
8 Evidently Hemingway considered them portable. (6)
13 See 7 down
16 Dark horse one might not want to have? (9)
18 It might portray more than one movement of "The Planets." (6)
19 Checker of some account. (7)
20 Not necessarily more Indian-like, though what one might deserve should be most fair. (7)
21 One can only imagine such French sea folk! (6)
23 Heath covers most of the country, finally. (5)
25 Watch out for this, if the pocket type! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1434

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Yankee Clipper; 10 Lumbering; 11 Therm; 12 Godlike; 13 Sponsor; 16 Yeast cake; 18 Midstream; 20 Augur; 22 Raw meat; 24 Rhombic; 26 Lathe; 27 Embattled; 28 Stretch; 29 Endows. DOWN: 2, 14 and 23 Armed to the teeth; 3 Khedive; 4 Elite type; 5 Cages; 6 Introit; 7 Press gang; 8 Remorse; 9 Flight; 15 Tidewater; 17 Admirable; 18 Marbles; 20 Aborted; 21 Recede; 25 and 19 Below the belt.

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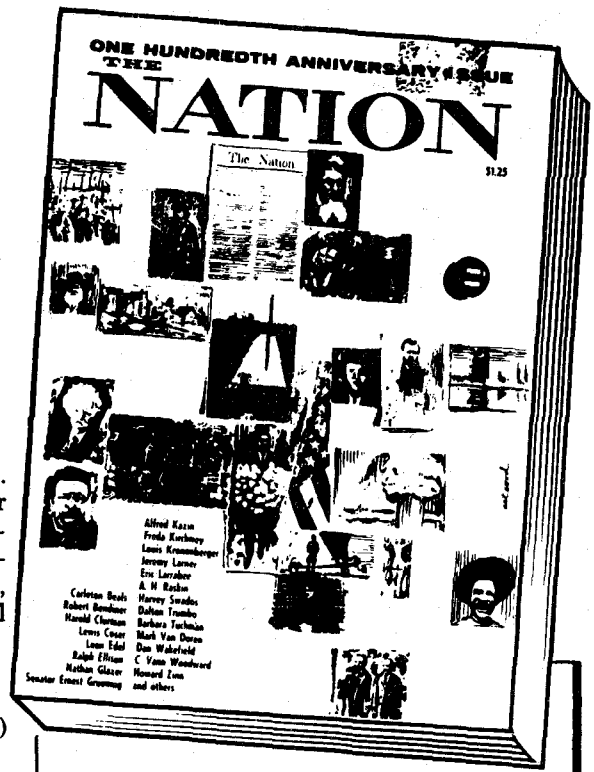

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